



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

SOMETHING TO LOVE.

Though Fortune with prodigal hand may enrich us,
Though Fame fling before us her laurels and flowers,
Though Pleasure's charmed cup of sweet wine may bewitch us,
And Fate seem to yield us her rarest of dowers ;
Yet, yet there's a treasure no gold mine can win us
A chaplet that Glory alone never wove ;
There's a Joy that no nectar can stir up within us—
The soul-crowning blessing of something to love.

Even gems may be worn till the temples are aching ;
And seek in repose the soft poppy-leaf spell ;
But the slumber will end in a weary awaking,
Unless the fond heart has been pillowed as well.
Though the plumes of the peacock and eagle allure us ;
Yet, still we shall find that the coo of the dove—
True and tender—must dwell in the nest to assure us
That *there* is our *home*—where there's something to love.

Let my pathway be lowly—I ask no election
To fill the high places Ambition may crave ;
But give me the light of the life-star, Affection,
Whose hallowed beams only can set in the grave.
For the kindest, the blindest to faults in a brother,
The nearest and dearest to Him that's above,
Is the heart full of trust, that can cherish another,
And find Heaven's foretaste in something to love.

Nov 29. 68. ELIZA COOK.

828

C77

A. Heslop.



P O E M S.



P O E M S

70704

BY

E L I Z A C O O K.

VOLUME IV.

LONDON:

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.

MDCCCLIII.

PRINTED BY
COX (BROTHERS) AND WYMAN, GREAT QUEEN STREET,
LINCOLN'S-INN FIELDS.

CONTENTS.

Ten Years Ago	<i>Page</i> 1
Stanzas	6
A Special Pleading	9
Good Works	13
Under the Mistletoe	16
A Pathetic Lament	17
It is the Song my Mother sings	20
Stanzas	21
Great Help waits on Little Need	23
Fruits	25
Bessie Gray	27
✧ Let us give Thanks	33
The Poor Man to his Son	35
They all belong to me	37
Poverty parts Good Companie	41
The Deck of the Outward Bound	43
The Shower	45
The Trysting-place	48
Alabama	52
Winter's Wild Flowers	54
The Firemen of the Land	55
Stanzas to an Old Friend	57
The Worship of Nature	60
Where there's a Will there's a Way	65

The Lover to his Departing Loved One	<i>Page</i> 67
Dead Leaves	69
The Holy Well	71
A Song for the Workers	74
The Old Green Lane	77
Lines for Music	78
Elecampane	80
The World is a Fairy Ring	82
Never hold Malice	84
Better Fed than Taught	86
Fortune and Love	89
The Bird in the Storm	90
Early to Bed and Early to Rise	93
Our Father	95
A Sabbath Evening Song	97
Lady June	100
A Temperance Song	104 ✓
Live and Let Live	108
Thank God for Summer	110
The Lily and the Stream	113
A Song for the Ragged Schools	114
Here's Christmas	117
On receiving a Bunch of Heather, Gorse, and Fern ..	120
There's a Silver Lining to every Cloud	123
Our Rambles by the Dove	125
Lines in the Twilight	130
Law and Justice	133
Turn again, Whittington	136
The Streets	138
The Galloping Steed	142
The Heart's Charity	145
Stanzas written on a Spring Day	148
My Name	150

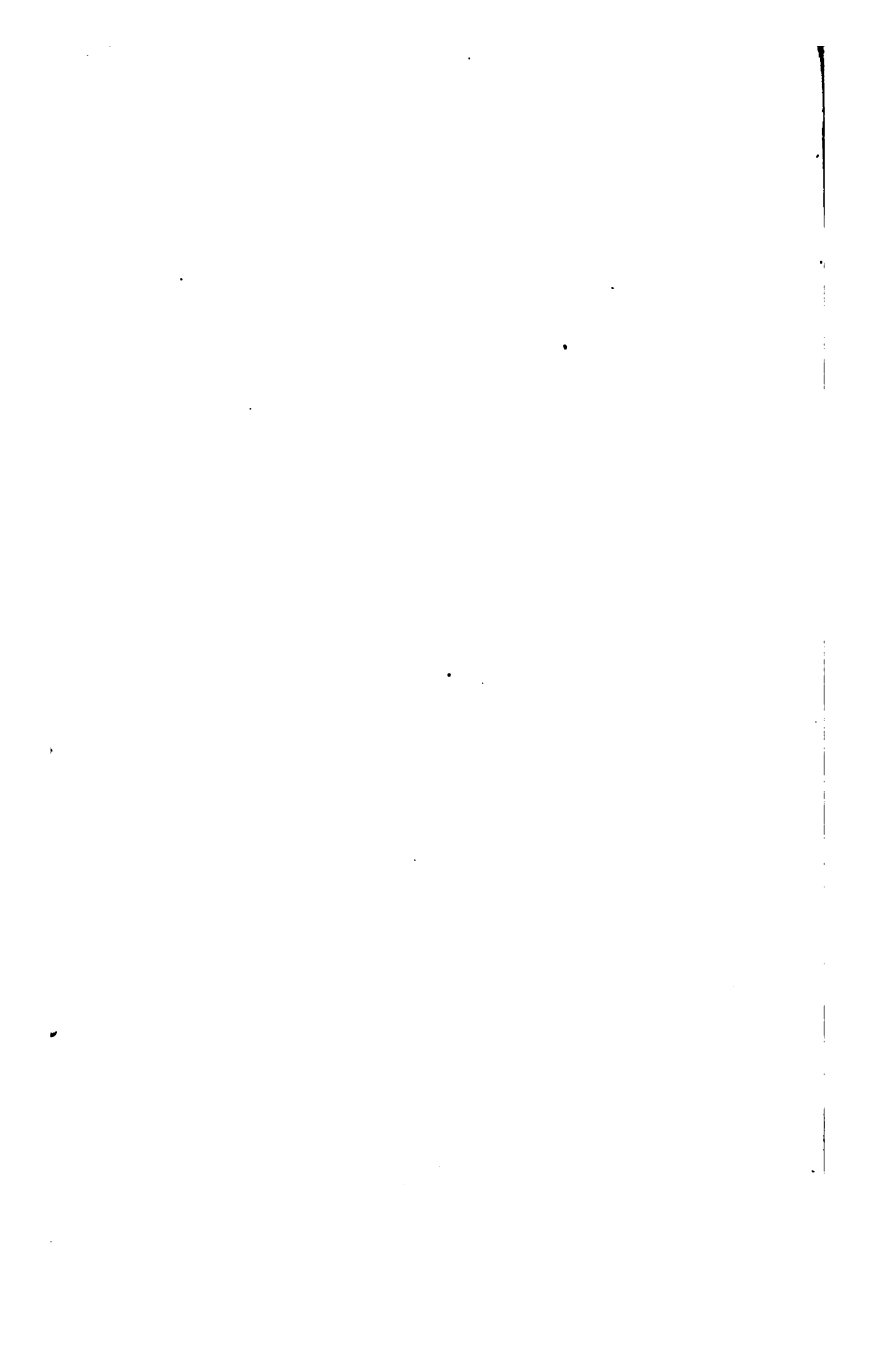
CONTENTS.

vii

The Philosopher's Stone	<i>Page</i> 153
The Green Hill-side	155
A City Song	160
A Song for Christmas Eve	164
Write Soon	167
"No"	168
The Two Worshippers	172
Lines suggested by a Nightingale	177
A Chant for Christmas Day	181
Household Walls	184
Oh! Let us be Happy	186
The Churchyard Stile	188
Song of the Red Man	190
Musical Murmurs from a Shattered String	193

Rhymes for Young Readers—

The Mouse and the Cake	199
An Evening Song	201
Try Again	202
Anger	205
Home for the Holidays	207
The Sailor Boy's Gossip	210
How Glad I shall be when the Cuckoo is Singing	212
The Blind Boy's been at play, Mother	214
The Death of Master Tommy Rook	215
The Violet-Boy	219
Puss and Dash	224



P O E M S.

TEN YEARS AGO.

INSCRIBED TO ALL WHO KNOW ME.

THE robin had been dumb all day, the clouds were
close and drear,
The oak-leaf bent its withered lips to kiss the dying
year ;
The night was coming like a monk in dark and hooded
guise,
And Winter's voice breathed dolefully its heaviest of
sighs.
My thoughts were sad as sad could be, and lone, and
still, I gazed
Upon the shadows as they fell—the red coal as it
blazed.
The room was bare—no forms were there—but memo-
ries went and came,
With love and sorrow chequered, like the shadows and
the flame.

Oh ! my young heart's tide of happiness had ebb'd a
 wave too low,
 In that dim hour of twilight gloom, some ten years ago.

Old merry Christmas was at hand, as constant as of
 yore,

I counted those about me at the Christmas-tide before,
 And if I missed some two or three, that ne'er could
 come again,

No wonder that my bosom felt a gentle throb of pain.
 The twilight deepened murkily ;—I wept, but lo ! there
 came

A branch of holly falling from an ancient picture-frame,
 And as it shimmered at my feet, all fresh, and green,
 and bright,

It seemed to fill my drooping soul with music, mirth,
 and light.

A key-note of wide echoings that still around me flow,
 Was that poor holly-branch, that tumbled, ten years
 ago.

It conjured up, with minstrel spell, a fair and merry
 throng

Of glad conceits, that found a voice and burst into a
 song ;

I poured out ballad lines of joy above the shining bough,
 While pleasure quickened every pulse, and danced upon
 my brow.

I gave that song unto the world, with secret hope and
 fear,—
 I longed to try if I could win that world's broad, honest
 ear;—
 'Twas done—applauding words of life came thickly on
 my way,
 And those who caught my holly-leaves, flung back a
 sprig of bay;
 "We like your notes," the "people" cried, "come
 sing again," and so
 My "Christmas Holly" bound me to ye, ten years
 ago.

Since then we've mingled cheerfully within our
 "Household Room,"
 Ye've heard me sing "Old Dobbin's" worth, and tell
 "Old Pincher's" doom,
 Ye hailed me in my "Murray Plaid," and listened to
 my strain,
 When like a baby in a field I wove my "Daisy" chain;
 Ye took my simple "Old Arm Chair," ye knew it was
 a part
 Of Love's rich cedar-tree, that Death had cut down in
 my heart:
 Ye smiled to see my "Old Straw Hat" laid by with
 earnest rhyme,
 And chorused when a "People's Song" awoke your
 spirit chime:

Oh ! many a changeful carol-lilt has knitted us I trow,
Since first my " Christmas Holly " flourished, ten years
ago.

I bring ye now a posy bunch of varied scent and hue,
And rather think " Forget Me Not " will anxiously
peep through ;
True loyal hands to Nature's cause, have helped to
pluck the flowers,
And pray that ye will take them home to nurse in
evening hours.
What say ye ? will they gain a place upon the window
sill ?
Have ye some household nook to spare, which they will
serve to fill ?
And as ye took my sombre branch, in midst of wintry
gloom,
Will ye as tenderly receive my bunch of spring-time
bloom ?
Once safe beneath your sunny care, oh ! how the leaves
will blow,
And proudly crown the hope you gave me, ten years
ago.

Spring flowers are sweet in every place ; we like to see
them come
On upland sod, by roadside hedge, and round about our
home ;

The monarch lady bears them mid the jewels on her
breast,

And Poverty will seek a bud to deck its tattered vest.

Oh ! take my mingled offering.—I long to hear you say
Ye like the simple blossoms which I place upon your
way.

It is the lucid dew of Truth, that gems each painted cup,
’Tis Freedom gives the Fragrance, and my heart-strings
tie them up ;

Oh ! take them, “ gentle reader,” let my “ spring
flowers ” live and grow

With ye who reared my “ Christmas Holly,” ten years
ago.

STANZAS.

No, not for worlds would I resign
 This full and fevered heart of mine,
 Though some quick pulses in it dwell,
 That thrill and tremble, shrink and swell,
 With that intense and fearful pain
 Which locks the lip and burns the brain !
 No, not for worlds would I give up
 The drop of nectar in my cup,
 Though that one drop may render all
 The draught beside of deeper gall !
 No, not for worlds would I forego
 The throb of rapt ecstatic glow,
 When kindling flushes seem to meet,
 Of sunset tinge, and noontide heat ;
 Though oft the gorgeous glow may mark
 My breast, to leave it still more dark !
 I would not lose the poet power
 That feels the thorn and sees the flower
 With sharper thrust, and gladder mirth,
 Than more undreaming ones of earth,

No, not for worlds would I resign
 This fond, weak, poet-heart of mine ;
 For well I know this weak heart finds
 A music in the running rills—
 A voice upon the western winds—
 A shadow on the misty hills—
 Which, if it were a colder thing,
 Streams, winds, and mountains would not bring !

It maketh me Creation's heir
 To all that's beautiful and fair ;
 It holds me with a secret tie
 To the sweet lilies of the field ;
 It links me to the star-lit sky ;
 It talks to wild birds flitting by,
 And lets me look upon the book
 Of Life's strange fairy tale, unsealed !

What though it has some strings, that ache
 And quiver till they well nigh break ?
 It is the same electric strings,
 That have the might of Angels' wings
 To raise and waft this heart away,
 Above its common home of clay.
 'Tis round those strings rare magic clings,
 And Joy's seraphic fingers play.

It bends to Nature's holy charm,
And twineth, like a Lover's arm,
With sweet devotion—true and warm—
About its idol's worshipped form ;
It quails, it weeps, it throbs, it fears,
With unknown pangs and unseen tears,
It feels, perchance, a keener goad,
To urge it onward with its load ;
Yet, yet it has some hopes so bright,
Such love-tides, flooding it with light,
That God and Heaven seem to be
Familiar glories unto me ;
And not for worlds would I resign
This weak, fond, poet-heart of mine,
While it can taste immortal cheer
Amid the bitter herbs grown here !

A SPECIAL PLEADING.

And so they tell you, Mary, love, that I am false and gay,
And that I woo another maid when I am far away,
And that I'm seen in merry mood upon the coast of
France,
And let another pair of eyes allure me to the dance.

They tell you that I do not care for all the vows I've
made,—
That love with me is but a game, at which I've often
played;
They say that sailors win a heart—then think of it no
more,
And that your Harry soon forgets this bit of English
shore.

You knew me as a sturdy boy,—you trusted to my arm
To pull you through the gale, without a breathing of
alarm;

I've grown and strengthened in your sight, and shall it
 be confessed,
 That he who clasped with Childhood's hand betrayed
 with Manhood's breast ?

I kept my good old mother till she gently drooped and
 died,

I have a little sister still, that's clinging to my side ;
 And could I bear a manly heart to them, my Mary,
 dear,—

Could I be faithful to my home, and yet be traitor here ?

Oh ! Mary, don't believe the tale,—indeed it is not true ;
 How could I, even if I would, love any girl but you ?
 Oh ! do look up into my face, and see if you can find
 A trace of any feeling there but what is just and kind.

Tell me who raised the foul report,—who cast upon my
 name

The taint of infamy that works with meanness, vice, and
 shame ;

And if it be a man that gave the bitter slander birth,
 I'll strike the coward, rich or poor, down to his parent
 earth.

Curse on the tongues that sought to fling a poison in
 my cup,

May ill betide their evil souls,—Come ! Mary, do look
 up ;

Say that you love me as you did, or, though I'm proud
and brave,
My spirit soon will pray to be beneath the ocean wave.

Look! here's the curl you gave me when I stood upon
the sands,
Just going for the first sad time to far and foreign lands;
See! here's the handkerchief you tied so fondly round
my neck,
And these two precious things were all I rescued from
the wreck.

Oh, can it be! do you refuse to listen to my word?
'Tis simple; but a purer truth the angels never heard;
I'm faithful to you, Mary, as an honest man can be,
And would my heart were opened wide for all the world
to see!

But ah! perhaps some other one has gained your
woman's love,—
You've changed your roving sea-gull for a quiet cot-
tage-dove:
You think a fair-cheeked husband that could sit beside
his fire,
Would be a wiser life-mate for a maiden to desire.

Last night I saw young Walter May keep near your
 window-sill,
 And there he watched you from the door and joined
 you on the hill;
 And twice before I've seen him lurk beside you on the
 road,
 And when you fetched the fishing-net, he soon took up
 the load.

Oh, Mary! something 's choking me! Tell, tell me, is
 it so?
 Say, do you love him? Walter May! tell, tell me, Yes
 or No?
 Oh! let me hear the worst at once,—cost what it will
 to sever,
 I'll only ask for one more kiss, and say Good-bye for
 ever.

That blush,—that tear!—what do I hear?—You love
 but me alone?—
 God bless you, girl! I breathe again,—my life, my joy,
 my own!
 How could you for a moment doubt the language of a
 lip,
 That breathed for you its deepest prayer upon a sinking
 ship?

Come, let me kiss those eyelids dry, and then we'll walk
awhile,

We'll go across the clover-field, and sit upon the stile,—
We'll take the village in our path, for as you wisely say,
'Twill mortify the gossip fools, and silence Walter May.

And, Mary,—let me whisper love ;—before I sail again,
I'll work a charm to make the words of evil-speakers
vain.

The first of May will soon be here, and that blest day
shall bring

Your Harry's heart to anchor in a tiny golden ring !

GOOD WORKS.

How shall we climb to heaven ?

How seek the path aright ?

How use the essence given

To trim Earth's temple-light ?

Oh ! not by lips that pour

The tones of Faith alone ;—

" Good Works " must live before

The true disciple 's shown.

Ye leaders of mankind,
 With precepts loudly heard,
 Oh ! let your conduct bind
 Example with your word.
 Shame to the holy teacher
 Whose life we dare not scan ;
 Though language forms the preacher,
 'Tis " good works " make the man.

It is not well to say,
 Our lowly race is run
 In far too narrow way
 For great deeds to be done.
 Let fair Intention move
 The heart to do its best ;
 And little, wrought in love,
 Is " good work " great and blest.

Relax the warrior gripe,
 Turn swords to reaping-hooks,
 Melt bullets into type,
 Bend spears to shepherds' crooks ;
 Sow fields with yellow wheat,
 Instead of crimson limbs,
 And such " good work " shall meet
 A people's grateful hymns.

Build up the school-house wall,
Where Infancy and Youth
May hear God's echoes fall
From Knowledge, Hope, and Truth.
Twine on the social band
That ties us to each other ;
Let such "good work" expand,
Till man to man is brother.

Let Woman have her share
Of reason unreveiled,
Till those ordained to bear
Are fit to guide the child.
Let Woman fairly take
The place she's born to fill,
And such "good work" shall make
Our great sons greater still.

Let nations trample down
The flag of savage Strife ;
Let Peace and Justice own
That Love is King of Life.
Let Wisdom onward march,
And while Life's spirit groans,
Let Faith's triumphal arch
Have "good works'" corner-stones.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

Under the mistletoe, pearly and green,
 Meet the kind lips of the young and the old ;
 Under the mistletoe hearts may be seen
 Glowing as though they had never been cold.
 Under the mistletoe, peace and good will
 Mingle the spirits that long have been twain ;
 Leaves of the olive-branch twine with it still,
 While breathings of Hope fill the loud carol strain.
 Yet why should this holy and festival mirth
 In the reign of Old Christmas-tide only be found ?
 Hang up Love's mistletoe over the earth,
 And let us kiss under it all the year round !

Hang up the mistletoe over the land
 Where the poor dark man is spurned by the white ;
 Hang it wherever Oppression's strong hand
 Wrings from the Helpless Humanity's right.
 Hang it on high where the starving lip sobs,
 And the patrician one turneth in scorn ;

Let it be met where the purple steel robs
 Child of its father and field of its corn ;
 Hail it with joy in our yule-lighted mirth,
 But let it not fade with the festival sound ;
 Hang up Love's mistletoe over the earth,
 And let us kiss under it all the year round !

A PATHETIC LAMENT.

" Here's a state of things ! the company come that we didn't expect till next week, and master gone nobody knows where."—
 DOMESTIC ASIDE OF A " PRETTY PAGE."

The lost " gude man," the lost " gude man !"
 Oh ! the width of our anguish who could span,
 When we stood at the gate in pilgrim state,
 Bemoaning our lonely and dinnerless state ?

The castle was nigh, with its towers so high,
 And the flagmast poking its nose to the sky ;
 The walls were grey as the farewell of day,
 When the muffin-boy goes on his wandering way.

The ivy was green in the Midsummer sheen,
 With as noble a watch-dog as ever was seen ;
 All things were enriching, the prospect bewitching,
 Excepting a little black smoke from the kitchen.

We could see at a glance that the fairies might dance,
 Or the poet might sing in such field of romance ;
 But alack and alas ! the plain truth comes to pass,
 Proving " Spenser " looks foolish without " Mrs.
 Glass."

We had conjured bright dreams of rare Burgundy
 streams,
 Of terrestrial cake and ethereal creams ;
 With the zeal of a Milton our fancies had built on
 The hopes of some precious old port with ripe Stilton.

The soul-stirring line may be all very fine,
 Provided the minstrel can manage to " dine ;"
 But to stand 'neath a portal where the commons are
 short all,
 Takes a vast deal of sentiment out of the mortal.

The carnivorous room was as still as the tomb,
 With those horrid things in it—a duster and broom ;
 Not an atom of chicken for invalid's picking,
 Not a morsel of ox, neither sirloin nor sticking.

We sat in despair, with a starvation stare,—
Not a plate, not a dish, not a fragment was there ;
Not the chink of a fork nor the creak of a cork,
To tell that the butler was doing his work.

The master was out after flounders and trout,
Far away on the tide gallivanting about ;
And, most doleful to tell, to complete the sad spell,
Took the butler and Bramah keys fishing as well.

Three blusterous nights, mid doubts and frights,
Did we linger and pine on the castle heights ;
And each hour we ran, like " sister Ann,"
To see if we spied a coming man.

We have got him at last, and we'll hold him fast,
And drink his health while the Rhenish is passed ;
But we'll add mid the rout of the echoing shout,
" May we ne'er come again when the keys have gone
out."

IT IS THE SONG MY MOTHER SINGS.

FOR MUSIC.

It is the song my mother sings,
 And gladly do I list the strain ;
 I never hear it, but it brings
 The wish to hear it sung again.
 She breathed it to me long ago,
 To lull me to my baby rest ;
 And as she murmured, soft and low,
 I slept in peace upon her breast.
 Oh, gentle Song ! thou hast a throng
 Of angel tones within thy spell ;
 I feel that I shall love thee long,
 And fear I love thee far too well.

For though I turn to hear thee now,
 With doting glance of warm delight ;
 In after years I know not how
 Thy plaintive notes may dim my sight.
 That mother's voice will then be still,
 I hear it falter day by day ;

It soundeth like a fountain rill,
 That trembles ere it cease to play.
 And then this heart, thou gentle Song,
 Will find an anguish in thy spell ;
 'Twill wish it could not love so long,
 Or had not loved thee half so well.

STANZAS.

We are apt to grow a-weary in this troubled world at
 times,
 For even golden bells can ring in melancholy chimes ;
 And let our human lot in life be what or where it may,
 Dark shadows often rise from which our hearts would
 turn away.
 Full often do we sigh to taste some spirit-draught of
 joy,
 And almost envy childhood's laugh above its painted
 toy ;
 When some great hope breaks under us, or loved ones
 prove unjust,
 And, roused from starry dreams, we find our pillow in
 the dust.

Say, whither shall we turn to seek the healing balm of
rest,

And whence shall come the cheerful ray to re-illumine
our breast?

Oh! let us go and breathe our woe in Nature's kindly
ear,

For her soft hand will ever deign to wipe the mourner's
tear;

She mocks not, though we tell our grief with voice all
sad and faint,

And seems the fondest while we pour our weak and
lonely plaint.

Oh! let us take our sorrows to the bosom of the hills,
And blend our pensive murmurs with the gurgle of the
rills;

Oh! let us turn in weariness toward the grassy way,
Where skylarks teach us how to praise, and ringdoves
how to pray;

And there the melodies of Peace that float around the
sod,

Shall bring back hope and harmony upon the voice of
God!

GREAT HELP WAITS ON LITTLE NEED.

“ Give me some bread,” the beggar cries,
And crouches to the passer-by ;
But on the proud wayfarer hies,
And leaves the wretch to starve or die.
That passer-by sets forth at night,
A feast where only nabobs feed ;
He crams the full—no doubt ’tis right ;
For great help waits on little need.

“ Oh for a score of pounds awhile !”
Prays some up-striving, struggling one ;
But he may walk for many a mile,
And find the favour yet undone.
Yet when that one has climbed the hill,
Where toiling hearts oft sink and bleed,
Full many a friend has gold to lend ;
For great help waits on little need.

The orphan child of Sin and Want
Finds none to take his lonely hand ;
With cheek unkissed and raiment scant,
Still lonely may that orphan stand.

But crowds come round the rich man's heir,
 To kindly soothe and gently lead,
 To tend with love and guard with care ;
 For great help waits on little need.

The frozen one with wounded feet,
 May leave the crimson on the snow ;
 But let a royal footstep meet
 A spot of vulgar damp below,
 And myriad Raleighs press around,
 With courtly hand and eager speed,
 To fling their velvet on the ground ;
 For great help waits on little need.

" I want to build—come neighbour, friend,
 You see my wretched walls of clay ;
 You've piles of bricks and beams to lend,"—
 Alas ! you turn your head away.
 I have a mansion strong and high,
 And now I do not vainly plead ;
 I may add stories to the sky ;
 For great help waits on little need.

Come, muse of mine, methinks thy song
 Is somewhat cynical in sound,
 And spite of all that's hard and wrong,
 Good deeds and noble hearts abound.

But yet Reflection will go straying
Where all the older wise heads lead ;
And looking on, we can't help saying,—
The greatest help meets least of need.

FRUITS.

The roses are bright, in their summer days' light,
With their delicate scent and their exquisite hue ;
But though beautiful Flowers claim many a song,
The Fruit that hangs round us is beautiful too.

When Midsummer comes, we see cherries and plums
Turning purple and red when the glowing sun falls ;
They hang on their stems like a cluster of gems,
In ruby and coral and amethyst balls.

How delicious and sweet is the strawberry treat,
What pleasure it is to go hunting about,
To raise up the stalks all besprinkled with dew,
And see the dark scarlet eyes just peeping out.

Don't you think we can find in the nectarine rind,
 A colour as gay as the dahlia's bloom ;
 Don't you think the soft peach gives an odour as fine
 As the hyacinth, petted and nursed in the room ?

The apricot yellow, so juicy and mellow,
 Is tempting as any fresh cowslip of Spring,
 And the currants' deep blushes come through the green
 bushes,
 Or hang in white bunches like pearls on a string.

The mulberry-tree is enchanting to see,
 When 'tis laden with autumn fruit, pulpy and cool,
 And those other rich berries so guarded by thorns—
 Oh, who loves not the flavour of gooseberry-fool ?

The woodbine's fair leaves and clematis that weaves
 Round the window, are pleasant to all that pass by ;
 But I'm sure the full clusters of grapes on the vine
 Are as lovely a sight for the traveller's eye.

'The apples' round cheeks, with their rose-coloured
 streaks,
 And the pears that are ready to melt on the spray,
 I am sure we must own they have beauties that vie
 With the daisy and buttercup spread in our way.

Then the brown nut that drops as we push through the
copse,

Till busy as squirrels we rest on the sod,

Oh ! I think it has charms for our gathering hands

To match with May bluebells that sparkle and nod.

So though poets may sing of the blossoms of Spring,

And all the bright glory of Flowers may tell,

We will welcome the berries, the plums and the cherries,

And the beautiful Fruits shall be honoured as well.

BESSIE GRAY.

Another of my childhood's friends has passed into the
grave,

The living waters of my heart are ebbing, wave by
wave ;

The floodtide of my youthful love has left its sparkling
strand,

But Memory keeps the margin-marks in rifts of golden
sand.

I will not count how many of my playmates I have lost,
I only know they all have gone, like gems of morning
frost ;

I only know that they who shared my path at break of
day,
Have vanished from my side before Life's noontide
sheds its ray.

I scarcely now can find a name that chimed with mine
at school,
And often wonder why I'm left to live as "Fortune's
fool;"
For many a cheek had more of red than mine could
ever show,
And many a spirit had more will to struggle here
below.
Fine saplings were around me, and full many seemed
to be
More likely to become a strong and storm-enduring
tree;
And the fair stem just stricken! oh, I dreamt not of its
fall,
For Bessie Gray was ever deemed the rarest of them all.

Poor Bessie Gray! ah, well-a-day! I sigh to learn thy
fate,
For thou wert dearest of the group—my chief and
chosen mate;
We were a pair of daring things in mischief, mirth, and
noise,
But famed for peaceful partnership in story-books and
toys;

We clubbed our pence when cash was scant, and had a
 " joint-stock " hope
 Invested in " Arabian Nights," hoop, ball, and skipping-
 rope ;
 And battle as we often did—ay, even with a brother,
 Our busy hands were never seen upraised against each
 other.

Poor Bessie Gray ! we spent Life's May in merry games
 together,
 We made fine silken puppet-shows and spun the
 shuttle-feather ;
 And how we sat on Winter nights beside old Kitty's
 fire,
 And found choice themes in quaint Dutch tiles that
 never seemed to tire ;
 How we stirred up the blaze to see where Jacob's
 ladder stood,
 Where Isaac offered up his son, and Noah stemmed the
 flood ;
 Where Solomon and David sat in grandeur on their
 thrones,
 And how we loved the Bible lore of those old pictured
 stones.

And then we'd turn to that prized book—'tis now before
 my gaze,
 I see its well-thumbed pages, and its title, " Shaks-
 pere's Plays ;"

And how we talked of Hamlet with the zeal of older
praters,

And did it quite as well perchance as greater "Com-
mentators."

And then with motley drapery, tin shield, and wooden
sword,

What "Histrionics" we essayed as "Lady" and as
"Lord ;"

But truth to tell I never shone in that peculiar way,
And ne'er could "make believe" so well as thou
couldst, Bessie Gray.

And then our bright half-holidays, our happy summer
walks,

Oh, Childhood's richest fruit e'er hangs upon the
poorest stalks !

Pleasure and Triumph, can ye give to any grown-up
daughter,

Such joy as ours when we had leaped the dyke of
weeds and water ?

Oh, Bessie Gray ! we used to play, like two unbroken
hounds,

Strong health was thine, warm thoughts were mine, life
had no thorny bounds ;

And somehow as I've travelled since, no young face
seemed to stay

Upon the mirror of the past, as thine did, Bessie Gray.

We parted when we had outgrown our rudest peals of
laughter,

When each began to meditate upon a grand hereafter ;
Thy steps were turned for ever from thy native home
and shore,

I saw thee on a bounding ship and never saw thee more.
I will not say, poor Bessie Gray, that later years have
not

Strewn truest friendship on my path in many a fairy
spot ;

But favoured as my heart has been, I never yet could see
Two merry girls in giddy sport without a thought of
thee.

For thou wert frank and kind and true, and shared my
sunniest time ;

We sat upon the self-same form, and learnt the self-
same rhyme ;

We sang the same old ballad scraps, and when my fault
was blamed,

The chance was rare when thou wert not as guilty and
ashamed.

But thou art dead—'tis like a dream ! they tell me
thou'rt at rest

Where prairie flower, and panther cub, may spring
above thy breast.

'Tis strange ! for thou didst often speak in wild
romance of youth,
Of distant land, and lonely home, and lo ! 'twas
augured truth.

My gay young playmate ! can it be ? and art thou
lying low
Where tawny footsteps leave their trail and waves of
blossom flow ?
Oh ! can it be, that thou art gone—so blithe, so brave,
so strong,
And I, the weaker one, still left, to hum thy requiem
song ?
I wonder where my eyes will close, and sleeping-place
will be,—
No matter ; sleep where'er I may, 'tis little care to me ;
I only hope some gentle hearts, when I have passed
away,
Will think of me, as I do now of thee, poor Bessie
Gray.

LET US GIVE THANKS.

Let us give thanks, with grateful soul,
 To Him who sendeth all ;
 To Him who bids the planets roll,
 And sees a "sparrow fall."
 Though grief and tears may dim our joys,
 And Care and Strife arrest,
 'Tis Man, too often, that alloys
 The lot his Maker blessed ;
 While sunshine lights the boundless sky,
 And dew-drops feed the sod—
 While stars and rainbows live on high—
 Let us give thanks to God.

We till the Earth in Labour's health,
 We plant the acorn cup ;
 The fields are crowned with golden wealth,
 The green tree springeth up ;
 The sweet, eternal waters gush
 From mountain and from vale ;
 The vineyards blush with purple flush,
 The yellow hop-leaves trail :

And while the Harvest flings its gold,
 And cowslips deck the sod—
 While limpid streams are clear and cold,
 Let us give thanks to God.

The flower yields its odour breath,
 As gentle winds go past ;
 The grasshopper that lurks beneath
 Chirps merrily and fast ;
 The ringdove cooes upon the spray,
 The larks full anthems pour ;
 The bees start with a jocund lay,
 The waves sing on the shore ;
 Hosannahs fill the wood and wild,
 Where human step ne'er trod ;
 And nature, like an unweaned child,
 Smiles on its parent, God.

Say, Brothers, shall the bird and bloom
 Thus teach, and teach in vain ?
 Shall all the Love-rays that illume,
 Be lost in clouds of pain ?
 Shall hearts be dead and vision blind
 To all that Mercy deals ?
 Shall Soul and Reason fail to find
 The Shrine where Instinct kneels ?
 Ah, no !—while glory lights the sky,
 And beauty paints the sod—
 While stars and rainbows live on high,
 Let us give thanks to God.

THE POOR MAN TO HIS SON.

Work, work, my boy, be not afraid,
 Look Labour boldly in the face;
 Take up the hammer or the spade,
 And blush not for your humble place.

Earth was first conquered by the power
 Of daily sweat and peasant toil,
 And where would kings have found their dower,
 If poor men had not trod the soil?

Hold up your brow in honest pride,
 Though rough and swarth your hands may be,
 Such hands are sap-veins that provide
 The life-blood of the Nation's tree.

There's honour in the toiling part,
 That finds us in the furrowed fields;
 It stamps a crest upon the heart
 Worth more than all your quartered shields.

There's glory in the shuttle's song—
 There's triumph in the anvil's stroke ;
 There's merit in the brave and strong,
 Who dig the mine or fell the oak.

Work, work, my boy, and murmur not,
 The fustian garb betrays no shame ;
 The grime of forge-soot leaves no blot,
 And labour gilds the meanest name.

There's duty for all those, my son,
 Who act their earthly part aright ;
 The spider's home-threads must be spun—
 The bee sucks on 'twixt flowers and light.

The hungry bird his food must seek—
 The ant must pile his winter fare ;
 The worm drops not into the beak ;
 The store is only gained by care.

The wind disturbs the sleeping lake,
 And bids it ripple pure and fresh ;
 It moves the green boughs till they make
 Grand music in their leafy mesh.

And so the active breath of life
 Should stir our dull and sluggard wills,
 For are we not created rife
 With health that stagnant torpor kills ?

I doubt if he who lolls his head
 Where Idleness and Plenty meet,
 Enjoys his pillow or his bread,
 As those who earn the meals they eat.

And man is never half so blest
 As when the busy day is spent,
 So as to make his evening rest
 A holiday of glad content.

God grant thee but a due reward,
 A guerdon portion fair and just,
 And then ne'er think thy station hard,
 But work, my boy, work, hope, and trust !

THEY ALL BELONG TO ME.

There are riches without measure
 Scattered thickly o'er the land ;
 There are heaps and heaps of treasure,
 Bright, beautiful, and grand ;
 There are forests, there are mountains,
 There are meadows, there are rills,

Forming everlasting fountains
 In the bosoms of the hills ;
 There are birds and there are flowers,
 The fairest things that be—
 And these great and joyous dowers,
 Oh ! “ they all belong to me.”

There are golden acres bending
 In the light of harvest rays,
 There are garland branches blending
 With the breath of June’s sweet days ;
 There are pasture grasses blowing
 In the dewy moorland shade,
 There are herds of cattle lowing
 In the midst of bloom and blade ;
 There are noble elms that quiver,
 As the gale comes full and free,
 There are alders by the river,
 And “ they all belong to me.”

I care not who may reckon
 The wheat piled up in sacks,
 Nor who has power to beckon
 The woodman with his axe ;
 I care not who holds leases
 Of the upland or the dell,
 Nor who may count the fleeces
 When the flocks are fit to sell.

While there's beauty none can barter
 By the greensward and the tree;
 Claim who will, by seal and charter,
 Yet "they all belong to me."

There's the thick and dinged cover
 Where the hare and pheasant play,
 There are sheets of rosy clover,
 There are hedges crowned with May,
 There are vines all dark and gushing,
 There are orchards ripe and red,
 There are herds of wild deer crushing
 The heath-bells as they tread.
 And ye, who count in money
 The value these may be,
 Your hives but hold my honey,
 For "they all belong to me."

Ye cannot shut the tree in,
 Ye cannot hide the hills,
 Ye cannot wall the sea in,
 Ye cannot choke the rills;
 The corn will only nestle
 In the broad arms of the sky,
 The clover crop must wrestle
 With the common wind, or die.
 And while these stores of treasure
 Are spread where I may see,

By God's high, bounteous pleasure,
 " They all belong to me."

What care I for the profit
 The stricken stem may yield ?
 I have the shadow of it
 While upright in the field.
 What reck I of the riches
 The mill-stream gathers fast,
 While I bask in shady niches,
 And see the brook go past ?
 What reck I who has title
 To the widest lands that be ?
 They are mine, without requital,
 God gave them all to me.

Oh ! privilege and blessing,
 To find I ever own,
 What great ones, in possessing,
 Imagine theirs alone !
 Oh ! glory to the Maker,
 Who gave such boon to hold,
 Who made me free partaker
 Where others buy with gold !
 For while the woods and mountains
 Stand up where I can see,
 While God unlocks the fountains,
 " They all belong to me !"

“POVERTY PARTS GOOD COMPANIE.”

We love the sayings of olden times,
 We quote them in Age, we learn them in Youth;
 They fall on our ears like ding-dong chimes,
 That Experience rings in the belfry of Truth.
 But I wonder what people it was in the land,
 And I wonder as much where the land might be
 So stupidly wise, that the proverb could rise,
 Of “Poverty parts Good Companie.”

’Twas a woful thing for man to prove,
 And sorrow was in the tale it told,
 For it said that Goodness, Worth, and Love,
 Weighed little without they were cast in gold.
 And now in the world ’tis bitter to hear,
 And sadder yet to feel and see,
 That velvet is shy, when rags go by,
 And that “Poverty parts Good Companie.”

There’s many a board where laggards sit
 Heavy and dull as a Winter’s morn;
 Not even red Muscadel brightens their wit,
 Yet how can we nurture what never was born?

Spirit and brain, of a diamond light,
 Might quicken the feasting with eloquent glee ;
 But "Talent" is oft in a beggarly plight,
 So "Poverty parts Good Companie."

Full many a sinner of poor estate,
 With nothing to leave but a felon's name,
 Has walked to death through the prison-gate—
 The example of Law, and the target of Blame.
 But, seeing the deeds that rich men do,
 He could point to many of high degree,
 And think they might share the hangman's care ;
 But "Poverty parts Good Companie."

We punish the whining rogue, who seems
 To be what he is not, in the open streets ;
 And the Judge, in his sapient wisdom, deems
 The villain in pence as the greatest of cheats.
 But hypocrites live in grander guise,
 Wily and cunning as rogue can be ;
 They might rank with the beggar for meanness and lies,
 But "Poverty parts Good Companie."

Full many a heart hath made its home,
 With Hope and Honesty close by its side ;
 Temptation may whisper and lure it to roam,
 Yet safely it goes, with these to guide.

But the beldam Queen of Want comes in,
And Hope and Honesty quickly flee,
While the lone heart groans in its reckless sin—
“ Oh ! ‘ Poverty parts Good Companie ! ’ ”

THE DECK OF THE “ OUTWARD BOUND.”

How seldom we dream of the mariners’ graves,
Far down by the coral strand ;
How little we think of the winds and waves,
When all we love are on land.
The hurricane comes and the hurricane goes,
And little the heed we take,
Though the tree may snap as the tempest blows,
And the walls of our homestead shake.
But the north-east gale tells a different tale,
With a voice of fearful sound,
When a loved one is under a close-reefed sail,
On the deck of an “ outward bound.”

How wistfully then we look on the night,
As the threatening clouds go by—

As the wind gets up and the last faint light
 Is dying away in the sky.
 How we listen and gaze with a silent lip,
 And judge by the bending tree,
 How the same wild gust must toss the ship,
 And arouse the mighty sea.
 Ah, sadly then do we meet the day,
 When the signs of storm are found,
 And pray for the loved one far away,
 On the deck of an "outward bound."

There is one that I cherished when hand in hand
 We roved o'er lowland and lea ;
 And I thought my love for that one on the land
 Was as earnest as love could be.
 But now that one has gone out on the tide,
 I find that I worship the more ;
 And I think of the waters deep and wide,
 As I bask on the flowers on shore.
 I have watched the wind, I have watched the stars,
 And shrunk from the tempest sound ;
 For my heart-strings are wreathed with the slender spars
 That carry the "outward bound."

I have slept when the zephyr forgot to creep,
 And the sky was without a frown,
 But I started soon from that fretful sleep,
 With the dream of a ship going down.

I have sat in the field when the corn was in shock,
And the reaper's hook was bright,
But my fancy conjured the breaker and rock,
In the dead of a moonless night.
Oh ! I never will measure affection again,
While treading earth's flowery mound,
But wait till the loved one is far on the main,
On the deck of an "outward bound."

THE SHOWER.

There was nothing but azure and gold in the sky,
The lips of the young rose were yawning and dry,
And each blossom appealed, with luxurious sigh,
To its neighbouring flower.

The Carnation exclaimed, "I am really too bright;"
The Lily drawled out, "I shall faint with the light;"
And a troop of red Poppies cried out in their might,
"Let us pray for a shower."

The Myrtle-leaf said, "I'm too wearied to shine,"
 And the Jasmine quite languidly lisped, to the Vine,
 "Your ringlets I think are more lanky than mine,"
 Then sunk down in her bower.

"There is really too much of this Midsummer blaze,"
 Said the Sage-plant, while screening her root from the
 rays;
 "The Poppies are right, though I hate their bold ways,
 We *must* ask for a shower."

They framed the petition, while Flora and Jove
 Most attentively heard, and in fulness of love
 A dark, mist-laden messenger wandered above
 For a shadowy hour.

The gloom came on suddenly,—that we must own,—
 And we wondered where all the world's beauty had
 flown,
 As the clouds gathered up and the rain rattled down
 In a leaf-laying shower.

The blossoms fell prostrate and pensive awhile,
 Bending down to the earth in most pitiful style,
 Even after Apollo reburnished his smile
 With more glorious power.

But at last they stood up in their strength, one by one,
 And laughed out in the face of the beautiful sun,
 With a perfume and colour they could not have done
 Were it not for the shower.

"It was sad while it lasted," the Mignonette said,
 "To be splashed by the dust and be stretched in the
 shade ;"

"Why yes," said the Stock, "but how soon we should
 fade,

And grow sickly and sour,

"If we grumbled and whined 'neath the gold and the
 blue,

As we all have done lately,—between me and you,
 I think that the very best thing we could do
 Was to ask for the shower."

Now "sermons in stones" we are told may be learned,
 And methinks a quick eye may have aptly discerned
 That a rich draught of wisdom may often be urned
 In the cup of a flower.

Come read me the riddle, and read it aright,
 All ye that have too much good luck in your sight,—
 All ye that are faint in Prosperity's light,
 Just for want of a shower.

Have the wit of the blossoms, and ask for no more
At the hands of Dame Fortune, in station or store,
But think it a blessing if sorrow should pour,
Or disquietude lower.

For the cloud and the rain-drop are exquisite things,
Though they dim for a season our butterfly wings,
And the sweetest and purest unceasingly springs
After a shower.

THE TRYSTING-PLACE.

There's a Cavalier that rideth on a white and bony hack!
There's one beside his bridle with a spade upon his back!
A truer pair, as Knight and Squire, were never yet seen,
And their hostelrie is ever on the churchyard green!

They wander through the world, and keep chanting as
they go,
Their ditty theme is constant, for it tells of human woe;
The passing bell is tolling, and their chorus comes
between,
“ Oh, a bonnie trysting-place is our churchyard green !”

Ah ! list to them good people, as the strain comes float-
 ing round,
 The echo is a wide one, and truth is in the sound ;
 For though Winter bites the blade, or Summer flings a
 sheen,
 Still a bonnie trysting-place is the churchyard green !

Come, neighbours, do not quarrel over dice or drinking-
 cup,
 A meeting-spot is certain where ye needs must make
 it up ;
 And to part and dwell in bitterness is Folly's work, I
 ween,
 When a trysting-place awaits us on the churchyard
 green !

Proud noble, in your chariot, smile not with too much
 pride,
 When your wheels have splashed the pauper who sweeps
 the kennel side ;
 No panel and no coats of arms will keep your ermine
 clean,
 When we both shall find this trysting-place—the
 churchyard green !

Poor, broken-hearted mourner, ne'er hang your heavy
 brow,
 Our spirit-fruit is often grown upon the cypress bough ;

And though the loved are hidden, 'tis but a grassy
screen,
That keeps you from the trysting-place—the church-
yard green!

Grand rulers of the earth, fight not for boundless lands,
Head not your myriad armies with fierce and crimson
hands;
For a narrow field will serve ye when your pioneer is
seen,
With his mattock on his shoulder, on the churchyard
green!

Pale worker, sadly feeding on your tear-besoddened
bread,
With cold and palsied fingers, and hot and throbbing
head,
The only pleasant dream that your haggard eyes have
seen,
Comes when thinking of the trysting-place—the church-
yard green!

Oh! a bonnie place it is, for we all shall jostle there,
No matter whether purple robes, or lazar rags we
wear;
No marble wall, nor golden plate, can raise a bar between
The comers to the trysting-place—the churchyard
green!

Hark ! there's the passing bell, and there's the chant
again !

The Cavalier and Squire are keeping up the strain ;
Oh ! loudly sings old Death, on his white and bony
hack,

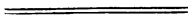
And loudly sings the Sexton, with his spade upon his
back.

'Tis hard to say, where they may stay and troll their
theme of sorrow,

It may be at my door to-day—perchance at yours to-
morrow ;

So let us live in kindness, since we all must meet, I
ween,

Upon that common trysting-place—the churchyard
green !



ALABAMA!

There is a tradition, that a tribe of Indians, fleeing from an enemy through the forests of the south-west, reached a noble river, flowing through a beautiful country, when the chieftain of the band struck his tent-pole into the ground, exclaiming, "Alabama! Alabama!" signifying, "Here we rest! here we rest!"

The whole wide world is but the same,
 Tracked by those foemen Care and Grief,
 While every human hope would claim
 The spot that cheered the Indian chief.
 Yet where is that Elysian tide
 Which saved the warriors of the West?
 Where can we find the river's side
 Where mortal fears say, "Here we rest?"

We often think that gold,—hard gold,
 Will form the spot of dreamy joy,
 But all we get and all we hold
 Brings something with it of alloy.
 Good does not always mate with Gain,
 And wearied brow or cheerless breast
 Bends o'er a golden stream in vain,
 Seeking the sweet words, "Here we rest!"

We put our trust in robe or crown,—
 In ribbon band or jewelled star ;
 Such things may gleam in Fortune's dream,
 But dazzle most when seen afar.
 Ambition's temple rarely yet
 Let in a well-contented guest,—
 Some spoil unwon, some deed undone,
 Will choke the soft words, " Here we rest ! "

Some place their faith in safer creed,—
 The wise, the God-directed few,
 Who think a *heart* is what we need
 To yield the peace that's pure and true ;
 And happy they who seek and find
 A shelter in a kindred breast,
 And, leaving foes and fears behind,
 Say to some dear one, " Here we rest ! "

Go carve long epitaphs who will
 On sculptured brass or marble wall,
 The Indian's " Alabama " still
 Speaks with the fittest voice of all.
 I ask no more than sod enough
 To make the grasshopper a nest,
 And that a stone bear but this one—
 This only record—" Here we rest ! "

WINTER'S WILD FLOWERS.

'Tis dark and dreary winter-time,
 The snow is on the ground ;
 No roses trail, no woodbines climb,
 No poppies flaunt around.
 The earth is hard, the trees are bare,
 The frozen robin drops ;
 The wind is whistling everywhere,—
 The crystal brooklet stops ;
 But I have found a grassy mound,
 A green and sheltered spot,
 And there peeps up a primrose cup,
 With blue " Forget-me-not."
 Oh ! great to me the joy to see
 The spring-buds opening now,
 To find the leaves that May-day weaves
 On old December's brow.
 They say the world does much to make
 The heart a frosted thing,—
 That selfish age will kill and break
 The garlands of our spring,—
 That stark and cold we wail and sigh
 When wintry snows begin,—
 That all hope's lovely blossoms die,
 And chilling winds set in.

But let me pray, that come what may
 To desolate this breast,
 Some wild flower's bloom will yet illume,
 And be its angel guest ;
 For who would live when Life could give
 No feeling touched with youth,—
 No May-day gleams to light with dreams
 December's freezing truth ?

THE FIREMEN OF THE LAND.

England, thou art justly proud
 Of thy men so tried and brave ;
 Well thy voice may boast aloud
 Of our Boatmen on the wave.
 Gallant fellows ! well they grace
 British song and Hero story ;
 They will take a foremost place
 When Valour counts her troops of glory.
 But our cities long have shown
 Those that match the Sailor band ;
 Courage nobly claims her own
 In the Firemen of the Land.
 Give them Honour, give them Fame,
 A Health to hands that fight the Flame.

When the red sheet winds and whirls
 In the coil of frightful death ;
 When the bannered smoke unfurls,
 And the hot walls drink our breath ;
 When the far-off crowd appears
 Choking in the demon glare,
 And some helpless form uprears
 In that furnace of Despair ;—
 “ Save ! Oh, save ! ” the people cry,
 But who plucks the human brand ?
 Who will do the deed or die ?
 ’Tis a Fireman of the Land.
 Then give them Honour, give them Fame,
 A Health to hands that fight the Flame.

They who march to battle-field,
 With the bullet and the sword ;
 They who go to take or yield
 Life upon the crimson sward ;
 They who measure blade to blade ;
 They who offer shot for shot,
 Lest their hearts be deemed afraid,
 Lest their names should bear a blot ;—
 Never shall such soldier live,
 Never shall such spirit stand,
 In the noble rank we give
 To the Firemen of the Land.
 Then give them Honour, give them Fame,
 And drink to hands that fight the Flame.

STANZAS TO AN OLD FRIEND.

Old Ocean, once again, thou mayst hear thy lover's
strain

Come mingling with the music of thy deep and
fitful surge ;

And my harp could gaily swell, like a merry "marriage-
bell,"

But thy mighty voice subdues it to a low and whis-
pered dirge.

Oh, 'tis thus I ever stand beside thee, dreaming of the
hand

That "holds thee in its hollow," as I look upon thy
breast ;

But the thought that makes me dumb, as thy headlong
billows come,

Is a mystery that links me to the Infinite and Blest.

Old Ocean, could I choose, not for sceptres would I lose

The holy spirit-charm that e'er abideth in thy waves ;

Nor the fairy dream that tells of amber rocks and rosy
shells,

And dolphin sprites, and mermaid fays, that play in
coral caves.

I wooed thee long and well, ere a worldly shadow fell
 Upon this heart, whose lot hath been to feel and
 know too much ;
 As I bent before thy shrine, the strings that were divine
 Poured melody of prayer to God upon thy sacred
 touch.

Dark storms have troubled thee, and care has come to
 me,
 Yet here we are together with affection tried and
 true ;
 The same glad flush of red upon my cheek is spread,
 And thy unchanging bosom is as bounding and as
 blue.
 Oh, I'll set an emblem up on Devotion's nectar cup,
 But it shall not be that ever soft and gentle bird the
 dove ;
 The white gull with its shriek, and its billow-kissing
 beak,
 Shall be my type of constancy, of purity and love.

Old Ocean, thou hast yet all the beauty that was set
 About thee, when I made thee first my worshipped
 altar-place ;
 The pearls upon thy brow are as thick and gleaming
 now,
 As when they dashed in dripping light upon my baby
 face.

The murmur of thy notes, around the fishers' boats,
Tells just the same strange ditty that it sung to me
of yore ;
The perfume of thy breath, and thy wild and weedy
wreath,
Are flung as fresh as ever on thy pebble-covered
shore.

And years shall come and go, and thou shalt ebb and
flow
As broad, as deep, as fetterless, as mighty and as
pure ;
Thy waves will still be seen in rich snow-crested sheen,
Ages shall die, but thou and thy proud beauty will
endure.
But she who loves thee so, let few years come and go,
And where will be this thinking brow and warm and
grasping hand ?
"Gone, gone," I hear thee say, "forgotten passed away ;
And now toil on for Fame, and write thy name upon
my sand."

THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.

'Twas a goodly pile of ancient stone,
 And it stood in frowning grace,
 Telling of many ages gone
 O'er a proud and ducal race.

It held a famed and countless store
 Of rare and matchless things,
 That gave strange legendary lore
 Of battles, feasts, and kings.

Dark pictures (gorgeous, choice, and old)
 Were kept with hoarded care ;
 And tap'stried walls, and chaliced gold,
 And armour suits were there.

It held all beauty, great and grand,
 That riches could bestow ;
 And people came from every land
 To see the raree show.

The golden rays of the harvest days
 Lit up this pile of state,
 When a score of wanderers took their way
 Through the heavy portal-gate.

There were hearts and brains of every sort
To form this gazing crowd ;
The child who skipped in listless sport,
And the old man, bald and bowed.

The player, the poet, the layman and priest,
Were among the motley band ;
And fair young girls, with glossy curls,
And the toiler with work-stained hand.

Up marble steps they slowly went,
Staring at ceiling and floor ;
Now at a silver image they bent,
And now at an oaken door.

They stood in the room, where a monarch's crown
On its velvet bed was seen ;
But the child full soon was looking down
At the deer on the forest green.

And the player and poet followed the child
To the oriel window pane ;
And they spake with joy, like the noisy boy,
Of the sight on the grassy plain.

The battered rim of regal pride
Was left by every one,
For the sake of the hill-turf, free and wide,
And the wild deer, fleet and dun.

They were ushered in to a monarch's sword,
That was great in soldier story ;
But the old man smiled, and the restless child
Proclaimed a fresher glory.

" Look, look !" cried he, " come here and see
How the boughs are swaying about !"
And they turned from the rusted blood within,
To the dancing leaves without.

The layman, the priest, and all in the throng,
Turned off from the warrior's blade,
And stood at the window, wistful and long,
To watch how the oak-tree swayed.

They stood again in the banqueting-hall,
Where pictures, coldly dim,
Of dukes and princes, hung on the wall,
Like goblins, dark and grim.

They gazed for a time on faces so dread,
That the living began to shiver ;
When the poet cried, as he turned his head,
" Oh, look on the beautiful river !"

And they stood again at an open pane,
And every form kept there,
To look at the tide, as they saw it glide,
Through the landscape soft and fair.

And the child began to ask the man
With worn and wrinkled face,
“ If he did not think that the river’s brink
Would be a nicer place ? ”

The maiden said, “ The castle pile
Was somewhat dull and dreary ; ”
And the toiler owned, with dreamy smile,
He was growing rather weary.

And down the marble steps they passed,
And through the portal span,
To where the river, bright and fast,
Like molten diamonds ran.

And there the child, with mirth half wild,
Hugged lilies to his breast,
And shouted out with dancing glee,
“ I like this place the best ! ”

The player and the poet laid
Upon the bank for hours,
And laughed like babies, while they made
A wreath of forest flowers.

The old man and the maiden roved,
And wooed and vowed sincerely ;
For Youth and Age declared they loved
The Summer sunshine dearly.

The toiler wandered for a while,
Then, leaning on the sward,
Thought the green blade of the peaceful shade
More blest than the blood-dyed sword.

All lingered there till the sun was lost,
Then took their homeward way,
Talking of all that had charmed them most
On that bright holiday.

And the regal crown with its battered rim,
The tattered chairs of state,
The relic paintings, black and grim,
And the massive portal gate,

Were scarcely noted by passing words ;
But every voice was high
In praise of the river, the trees, and the birds,
And the gorgeous harvest sky.

They forgot the warrior's noble rank,
And the cost of the guarded gem ;
But they knew the shape of the river's bank,
And the girth of the old beech stem.

And thus, methought, does Greatness flit,
And the shadows of Fame depart,
And thus does Nature ever sit
On the throne of the human heart.

'Tis thus man turns from crowns and kings
 To the sunlight and the sod,
 And yearns with instinct to the things
 That tell the most of God !

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

We have faith in old proverbs full surely,
 For Wisdom has traced what they tell,
 And Truth may be drawn up as purely
 From them, as it may from "a well."
 Let us question the thinkers and doers,
 And hear what they honestly say,
 And you'll find they believe, like bold wooers,
 In "Where there's a will there's a way."

The hills have been high for Man's mounting,
 The woods have been dense for his axe,
 The stars have been thick for his counting,
 The sands have been wide for his tracks,
 The sea has been deep for his diving,
 The poles have been broad for his sway,
 But bravely he's proved in his striving,
 That "Where there's a will there's a way."

Have ye vices that ask a destroyer?
 Or passions that need your control?
 Let Reason become your employer,
 And your body be ruled by your soul.
 Fight on, though ye bleed in the trial,
 Resist with all strength that ye may;
 Ye may conquer Sin's host by denial;
 For "Where there's a will there's a way."

Have ye Poverty's pinching to cope with?
 Does Suffering weigh down your might?
 Only call up a spirit to hope with,
 And dawn may come out of the night.
 Oh! much may be done by defying
 The ghosts of Despair and Dismay,
 And much may be gained by relying
 On "Where there's a will there's a way."

Should ye see afar off that worth winning,
 Set out on the journey with trust;
 And ne'er heed if your path at beginning
 Should be among brambles and dust.
 Though it is but by footsteps ye do it,
 And hardships may hinder and stay,
 Keep a heart, and be sure you'll get through it;
 For "Where there's a will there's a way."

THE LOVER TO HIS DEPARTING LOVED ONE.

Thou art leaving us all, love, and much may befall, love,

To warp and to wean thee from infancy's ties ;

Thou wilt tread fairer places, and see brighter faces,

And freshness and beauty will dazzle thine eyes.

Thou hast promised thine heart, love, but now, ere we
part, love,

Take back all the vows thou hast given to me ;

They were made in our joy, love, as girl and as boy,
love,

When moonlight was gilding the old hawthorn-tree.

We have grown up together like green moss and
heather,

Our hands were entwined ere our footsteps were
sure ;

But the dreams of our youth, love, too often, forsooth,
love,

Are painted in colours that will not endure.

And now thou art going where life will be glowing

With all the enchantment thou longest to see ;

And a rarer Elysian may shut from thy vision

Our fairy romance and the old hawthorn-tree.

If thou findest another whose presence can smother
 Our earliest words and our latest adieu ;
 Thou hadst better be breaking thy word than be taking
 An altar to serve where thou couldst not be true.
 I'd have thee forget, love, if aught of regret, love,
 Should come with the thought that thy will is not
 free ;
 Oh ! I'd have thee forget, love, that ever we met, love,
 With promise and pledge 'neath the old hawthorn-
 tree.

Think not I would gain thee, if duty but chain thee,
 Think not that I deem thee unchangeably mine ;
 Shouldst thou love one more dearly, oh ! tell me
 sincerely,
 And my hopes and my claims I will sadly resign.
 For my heart, while possessing its coveted blessing,
 Would bitterly bleed, if Affection could see
 That thy young love had vanished, and feelings were
 banished,
 That gladdened my soul 'neath the old hawthorn-
 tree.

I see by thy smile, love, thou'rt thinking the while, love,
 That thou wilt return with thy spirit the same ;
 And perchance I am wrong, love, in breathing a song,
 love,
 That shadows one moment thy well-cherished name.

So I'll tell thee no more, love, but that I adore, love,
With passion as fervent as passion can be ;
And that if thou wilt come, love, unchanged to thy
home, love,
We'll have orange bloom twined with the old haw-
thorn-tree.

DEAD LEAVES.

I never cared for autumn in the happy days gone by,
When all the leaves came whirling down that curtained
out the sky ;
The lady-birch might lose her charms, so wooed in
summer's prime,
And every giant arm be stripped that I had loved to
climb ;
But merry was my loud laugh, and joyously I stood
Ankle deep in dead leaves amid the misty wood,
Dancing with the spectre things—Autumn preached in
vain,
For I knew that green leaves would soon come again.

Now I stand and see the boughs of human life get bare,
I hear the wail of Sorrow's breath through branches
bright and fair ;

And down come leaves of Joy and Love, all thickly
strewn around,

And blossoms that were topmost borne are on the
lowest ground.

But no laugh is on my lip, no light is on my brow,
I cannot smile as once I did,—I am not dancing now.
Heart deep in dead leaves, Spring will come in vain ;
For the trees that now are bare, will ne'er be green
again.

THE HOLY WELL.

It is not generally known that the tavern in Holywell-street, Strand, London, known by the sign of "The Old Dog," is raised on the site of the "celebrated Holy Well," from which the street derives its name. Fitzstephen mentions this well in 1660, as being "famous and frequented by the scholars and youths of the City, when they walked forth to take the air;" and Stowe alludes to it as "being much decayed and spoiled with rubbish, purposely laid there for the heightening of the ground for garden plots." The coffee-room at the tavern above mentioned is supposed to be built immediately over the spring. The following lines were prompted by the interesting remembrance which forms one of the many thousand poetic legends connected with our modern Babylon.

They say, three hundred years ago,
 The cold, pure water used to flow
 From a gurgling fount, with trees around,
 Where "The Old Dog" Tavern may now be found.
 They say it was a wondrous spot,
 And the "Chronicles" keep it unforgot;
 For the pages of History often dwell
 On the storied fame of the "Holy Well."

I can see the place as it was of yore,
 When its crystal riches would ripple and pour
 From a fountain channel, fresh and dank,
 'Mid flowering rush and grassy bank;
 When the pale cheek left the City wall,
 And the courtier fled the palace hall,
 To seek the peaceful shadows that fell
 On the waters of the "Holy Well."

The scholar sat on some old grey stone,
 Where the ivy was thick and the moss had grown,
 And he coned his book, while the gentle tide
 Came softly bubbling up at his side.
 Plighted lovers went wandering there,
 Blending their sighs with the twilight air ;
 And many a warm lip stooped to tell
 Its first romance by the " Holy Well."

Sweet birds came to plume their wing,
 And lave their beak in the healing spring ;
 And gorgeous butterflies stopped to play
 About the place on a sultry day.
 Folks came from the east, and came from the west,
 To take at that fountain health and rest ;
 From the north and the south they came to dwell
 By the far-famed stream of the " Holy Well."

Oh, a goodly sight was the old place then,
 When the waters were sought by the Red Cross men ;
 When the brave Knights Templars there were seen,
 With their " hostelrie " gay on the field of green ;
 When the famished pilgrim lingered there,
 Blessing the draught with a grateful prayer,
 As his cockle hat and scallop shell
 Were thrown aside at the " Holy Well."

And now we see in the busy street
 A "hostelrie" where men do meet ;
 Though they wear no symbol red-cross bands,
 And draw no steel with their strong right hands.
 For many a year there has been no trace
 Of the legend lore that marks the place ;
 No stranger dreams of the verdant dell
 That was famed afar for its " Holy Well."

Close and narrow that place is now,
 Where the beautiful water used to flow ;
 But those who will may go and see
 Where the waters sprung up—pure and free.
 On the mouth of the tide they may lightly tread,
 As they would on the graves of the honoured dead ;
 At the sign of " The Old Dog " gossips still tell
 Rare things of the ancient " Holy Well."

Ah, many among us, like this old place,
 Exist in the world without a trace
 Of the exquisite truth and goodly power,
 That filled our spirits in Life's young hour.
 Time has choked up the magical spring
 With the burthens that Trouble and Toil e'er bring,
 Yet we turn with joy to let Memory tell
 Of the days when our heart was a " Holy Well."

A SONG FOR THE WORKERS.

(Written for the Early Closing Movement.)

Let Man toil to win his living,
 Work is not a task to spurn ;
 Poor is gold of others' giving,
 To the silver that we earn.

Let Man proudly take his station
 At the smithy, loom, or plough ;
 The richest crown-pearls in a nation
 Hang from Labour's reeking brow.

Though her hand grows hard with duty,
 Filling up the common Fate,
 Let fair Woman's cheek of beauty
 Never blush to own its state.

Let fond Woman's heart of feeling
 Never be ashamed to spread
 Industry and honest dealing,
 As a barter for her bread.

Work on bravely, God's own daughters !
 Work on stanchly, God's own sons !
 But when Life has too rough waters,
 Truth must fire her minute guns.

Shall ye be *unceasing* drudges ?
 Shall the cry upon your lips
 Never make your selfish judges
 Less severe with golden whips ?

Shall the mercy that we cherish,
 As old England's primest boast,
 See no slaves but those who perish
 On a far and foreign coast ?

When we reckon hives of money,
 Owned by Luxury and Ease,
 Is it just to grasp the honey
 While Oppression chokes the bees ?

Is it just the poor and lowly
 Should be held as soulless things ?
 Have they not a claim as holy
 As rich men, to angels' wings ?

Shall we burthen Boyhood's muscle ?
 Shall the young Girl mope and lean,
 Till we hear the dead leaves rustle
 On a tree that should be green ?

Shall we bar the brain from thinking
 Of aught else than work and woe ?
 Shall we keep parched lips from drinking
 Where refreshing waters flow ?

Shall we strive to shut out Reason,
 Knowledge, Liberty, and Health ?
 Shall all Spirit-light be treason
 To the despot King of Wealth ?

Shall we stint with niggard measure
 Human joy and human rest ?
 Leave no profit—give no pleasure,
 To the toiler's human breast ?

Shall our Men, fatigued to loathing,
 Plod on sickly, worn, and bowed ?
 Shall our Maidens sew fine clothing,
 Dreaming of their own white shroud ?

No ! for Right is up and asking
 Loudly for a fairer lot,
 And Commerce must not let her tasking
 Form a nation's canker spot.

Work on bravely, God's own daughters !
 Work on stanchly, God's own sons !
 But till ye have smoother waters,
 Let Truth fire her minute guns !

THE OLD GREEN LANE.

'Twas the very merry summer time
That garlands hills and dells,
And the south wind rung a fairy chime
Upon the foxglove bells ;
The Cuckoo stood on the lady-birch
To bid her last good-bye—
The lark sprung o'er the village church,
And whistled to the sky ;
And we had come from the harvest sheaves,
A blithe and tawny train,
And tracked our path with poppy leaves
Along the old green lane.

'Twas a pleasant way on a sunny day,
And we were a happy set,
As we idly bent where the streamlet went
To get our fingers wet ;
With the dog-rose here, and the orchis there,
And the woodbine twining through,
With the broad trees meeting everywhere,
And the grass still dank with dew.
Ah ! we all forgot in that blissful spot,
The names of care and pain,
As we lay on the bank by the shepherd's cot
To rest in the old green lane.

Oh, days gone by ! I can but sigh
 As I think of that rich hour,
 When my heart in its glee but seemed to be
 Another wood-side flower ;
 For though the trees be still as fair,
 And the wild bloom still as gay,—
 Though the south wind sends as sweet an air,
 And Heaven as bright a day ;
 Yet the merry set are far and wide,
 And we never shall meet again ;—
 We shall never ramble side by side
 Along that old green lane.

LINES FOR MUSIC.

Sung at the Sheffield Athenæum, November 6th, 1849, on the
occasion of opening the Mechanics' Institute.

The sweetest lays that man can raise
 Should greet the spreading light of Reason,
 As bee and bird are ever heard
 The loudest in the bright spring season ;
 And let us gladly hail the day
 That sees us here with goodly will,
 That sheds another helping ray
 To make Truth's sunshine wider still.

God speed the cause, and let the laws
Of Peace and Knowledge rule our land ;
God guard the walls whose temple halls
Are filled by Wisdom's Christian band.

No blood-stained spear—no orphan's tear
Is blending with our simple glory ;
If laurels grace this favoured place,
They will not tell a carnage story.
But higher far the mortal fame
That we would bravely seek to win ;
Man gains his noblest hero-name
By quelling Ignorance and Sin.

God speed the cause, and let the laws
Of Peace and Knowledge rule our land ;
God guard the walls whose temple halls
Are filled by Wisdom's Christian band.

ELECAMPANE.

Sonnets and Odes have been echoed in praise
 Of many grand doings on many grand days ;
 Days when a victory-scroll was unfurled—
 Days when proud princes were born to the world ;
 But I've just tuned my harp to the lightest of notes,
 And so smile as ye may while its melody floats :
 For I must and I will play a merry refrain
 On the red-letter days of sweet "elecampane."

Famed honey of Hybla, oh ! where's thy renown
 To the almond-stuffed hardbake's, so lusciously brown ?
 Olympian ambrosia, oh ! what wert thou worth,
 Compared with the "Everton toffy" of earth ?
 And the ox eyes of Juno ! did ever they flash
 Like the "bull's eyes" we bought with our Saturday's
 cash ?

Oh, tell us, Anacreon, was not thy strain
 First awakened to rapture by "elecampane ?"

Who forgets the quaint shop or the street-corner stall,
 Where he purchased his "brandy" condensed in a
 "ball ?"

Where his tongue ran on politics freely and glib,
 In the earnest destruction of "Bonaparte's rib ;"

Where the "peppermint twist" its fair rivalry tried
 With the quite as fair "lemon twist" close by its side.
 Tell me, men "upon 'Change," have your glory and gain
 Yet extinguished the halo of "elecampane?"

How we crammed and devoured the treasures we got,
 "Rock," "candy," and "comfits," and heaven knows
 what,

That were no Dead Sea apples with ashes beneath,
 For the innermost morsel stuck most to the teeth.
 What bites of ecstatic enjoyment we had,
 With a "something to suck" we could never be sad;
 The school and the lesson, the book and the cane,
 Were endured by the tonic of "elecampane."

Say, who of us paused with the terrible question
 Of, how such indulgence would suit the digestion?
 Whoever asked whether such doses were good
 For the "tone of the system" or "state of the blood?"
 Whoever at that time turned nervously faint
 O'er the drop of molasses and streaks of red paint?
 Whoever discovered the weight of a brain,
 When its trouble was balanced by "elecampane?"

You may set us down now at the feast of a night,
 Where "temples of sugar" gleam out in the light;
 Where the "bonbons" of France in profusion appear,
 And the saccharine "crackers" come thick on our ear;

But whoever dreams there of beginning to eat,
 Whoe'er thinks the mysterious things are as sweet
 As the "stuff" that we craved, in King Lollipop's reign,
 In the vulgar formation of "elecampane?"

The Bard that's immortal has plainly averred,
 That the man whom the breath of soft music ne'er
 stirred,

Who hears nothing divine in Æolian reeds,
 Is fit for naught else but the blackest of deeds.
 I as truly and firmly believe that the child
 Will grow into a monster, all dark and defiled,
 A Lucretia or Nero, where Hope is in vain,
 If its heart is untouched by sweet "elecampane."



THE WORLD IS A FAIRY RING.

Oh! say not the World is lonely,
 Sigh not to pass above,
 The Earth is a desert only
 To hearts unfilled by love.

Though links of Fate may bound us,
 And cold winds dim our flowers ;
 Though clouds may come around us,
 And shade our Eden bowers,
 Still there is joy to inherit,
 And magical music to sing ;
 For while Love is the fairy spirit,
 The world is a fairy ring.

The Past may hold its sorrow,
 The Present be far from bright,
 But yet who will not borrow
 A ray from the Future's light ?
 And the broken heart while sighing,
 Is proud in its cheerless dearth,
 That it fell on a grave while trying
 Its angel-wings on earth.
 Oh ! still there is joy to inherit,
 And magical music to sing,
 For while Love is a fairy spirit,
 The world is a fairy ring.

While the young child greets its mother,
 And the bridegroom wooes his bride,
 While sister clings to brother,
 And friends walk side by side ;
 While Spring-time brings the flowers,
 And Autumn harvests shine,

While every human bosom
Seeks something more divine,
Still, still, there is joy to inherit,
And magical music to sing,
For, while Love is a fairy spirit,
The world is a fairy ring.

NEVER HOLD MALICE.

Oh ! never " hold malice ;" it poisons our life,
With the gall-drop of hate and the nightshade of strife ;
Let us scorn where we must, and despise where we may,
But let anger like sunlight go down with the day.
Our spirits in clashing may bear the hot spark,
But no smouldering flame to break out in the dark ;
'Tis the narrowest heart that creation can make,
Where our passion folds up like the coils of a snake.

Oh ! never " hold malice ;" it cannot be good,
For 'tis nobler to strike in the rush of hot blood
Than to bitterly cherish the name of the foe,
Wait to sharpen a weapon and measure the blow,

The wild dog in hunger—the wolf in its spring—
The shark of the waters—the asp with its sting—
Are less to be feared than the vengeance of man,
When it lieth in secret to wound when it can.

Oh ! never “ hold malice ; ” dislike if you will,
Yet remember Humanity linketh us still ;
We are all of us human, and all of us erring,
And mercy within us should ever be stirring.
Shall we dare to look up to the Father above,
With petitions for pardon or pleading for love ;
Shall we dare, while we pant for revenge on another,
To ask from a God yet deny to a brother ?

BETTER FED THAN TAUGHT.

Let him look about who wanders,
 And he'll surely find,
 When he notes where Fortune squanders,
 That she *must* be blind.
 Gilded Ignorance will jostle
 Poor Wit from the wall;
 While brute Wealth pursues its wassail,
 Worth *waits* in the hall;
 And when such strange things confound us,
 Well may come the thought,
 Oh! how many are there round us
 "Better fed than taught!"

When we see a stately madam,
 In some lofty place,
 Proud as any child of Adam,
 Of her worldly grace,—
 When we hear her lips inveighing,
 Bitterly and long,
 Against some lowly sister, straying
 In the path of wrong,—

When she breathes the loud decrying,
 As no Christian ought,—
 Charity keeps gently sighing,
 “Better fed than taught!”

When we find a Priest, who groweth
 Greater every year,
 Taking corn that Labour soweth,
 When 'tis in the ear,—
 When we see his heart get thinner
 As his tithes increase,
 Snatching from the helpless sinner
 All he can of fleece,—
 When we find such saints defaming
 Creeds with mercy fraught,—
 Tell me, who can help exclaiming,
 “Better fed than taught!”

When we see a young man leaning
 Idly on his gold,
 Large in speech, but small in meaning,
 Out of danger, bold,—
 When we see him rude to Weakness,
 Insolent to Age,
 Trampling on the words of Meekness,
 With a braggart's rage,—

When we note the revel vision
 Of his brain distraught,—
 Wisdom sneers, in cool derision,
 “Better fed than taught!”

When some little miss or master,
 Fresh from desk and form,
 Manages to spread disaster
 In a household storm,—
 When they cry for “moons” above them,
 And for “chimney bricks,”—
 When they cling to those who love them,
 With most filial kicks,—
 Let us brand such olive blossoms
 As wise people ought,
 And hang this label on their bosoms,
 “Better fed than taught!”

Good sooth! we must mind our manners,
 One and all and each,
 Or Shame will leap and plant her banners
 In some moral breach.
 When Prosperity's broad table
 Yields us all we ask,
 'Tis to make us strong and able
 For some Duty-task;

Our life is written—Truth will do it—
 Noting deed and thought;
 So guard against this foot-note to it,
 “Better fed than taught!”

FORTUNE AND LOVE.

Let me live without Fortune if Providence will it,
 For Joy can be found where small treasure is shed;
 Those who bear a full cup are most fearful to spill it,
 And oftentimes walk with the narrowest tread.
 I care not though Fate may deny me profusion,
 If earth will but show me some rays from above;
 Tell me not that God's light is a dreamy illusion—
 I could live without Fortune, but not without Love!

Oh! 'tis pleasant to know there are beings about us
 Who tune the most exquisite strings in our heart,
 To feel that they would not be happy without us,
 And that we, in our loneliness, sigh when we part.
 Oh! there's something divine in the thought that we
 cherish

A star-beam within us, that shines from above—
 To know, that if all which gold gives us should perish,
 The greatest of Fortune still dwells in our love!

Oh ! 'tis glory to feel that we live for some others,
 That self is not all we depend on below,
 That affection yet links us to sisters and brothers,
 Whose faith will be constant, come weal or come woe.
 Though the vulture of trouble may harass our bosom,
 Ne'er fear while our spirit is fed by the dove ;
 Let the desert of Life give Eternity's blossom,
 And we'll live without Fortune, while favoured by
 Love !

THE BIRD IN THE STORM.

The summer noon was soft and fair
 As the face of a sleeping child ;
 The roses drooped in the stirless air,
 And Earth in its beauty seemed to wear
 The garb of the undefiled.

The golden sun was looking out,
 And the reaper tied the sheaf ;
 The bee went heavily about,
 And the fine old tree so tall and stout,
 Moved not its topmost leaf.

A blackbird, perched on that old tree,
Kept whistling clear and loud,
Its little heart brimfull of glee,
Seemed running o'er with joy, to be
In a spot without a cloud.

All things were beautiful and still,
In the flush of gladsome light ;
And the bird with many a gushing trill,
Seemed pouring thanks to the power and will
That made its home so bright.

But ere another hour was past,
The thunder-sowl was round ;
The chilling rain poured cold and fast,
And the old tree bent in the sudden blast,
With a dull and moaning sound.

The flowers fell in their deluged bed,
Their glory stained with clay ;
The corn laid down, and the reapers fled,
The hardiest pilgrim hid his head,
And gloom was over the day.

But there was the blackbird still in the tree,
With its psœan not yet done ;
It carolled away in its earnest glee,
As though it were sure, that God must be
In the shadow as well as the sun.

Its wings were drenched and the bough was wet,
No ray was below or above ;
But it shook its dripping feathers of jet,
And hopefully resting, it carolled yet
In the tone of grateful love.

I watched the clouds and I saw the bird,
As it whistled on the bough ;
And a lesson came in the notes I heard,
The spirit in my heart was stirred,
And Thought sat on my brow.

It whispered thus, " Oh, child of Earth,
Learn thou to sing with trust ;
Not only in the hour of mirth,
But when the sorrowing time of dearth
May lay thy joys in dust !

" Though gloom may gather in your way,
Yet let your faith be warm ;
And while the mingling thunders play,
Let the heart still pour its fervent lay,
The blackbird of Life's Storm !"

"EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE."

"Early to bed and early to rise,"

**Ay! note it down in your brain,
For it helpeth to make the foolish wise
And uproots the weeds of pain.**

**Ye who are walking on thorns of care
Who sigh for a softer bower,
Try what can be done in the morning sun,
And make use of the early hour.**

**Full many a day for ever is lost
By delaying its work till to-morrow,
The minutes of sloth have often cost
Long years of bootless sorrow.**

**And ye who would win the lasting wealth
Of content and peaceful power;
Ye who would couple Labour and Health,
Must begin at the early hour.**

**We make bold promises to Time,
Yet, alas! too often break them,
We mock at the wings of the king of kings,
And think we can overtake them.**

But why loiter away the prime of the day,
Knowing that clouds may lower,
Is it not safer to make life's hay
In the beam of the early hour ?

Nature herself e'er shows her best
Of gems to the gaze of the lark,
When the spangles of light on earth's green breast
Put out the stars of the dark.

If we love the purest pearl of the dew
And the richest breath of the flower,
If our spirits would greet the fresh and the sweet,
Go forth in the early hour.

Oh ! pleasure and rest are more easily found
When we start through Morning's gate,
To sum up our figures or plough up our ground,
And weave out the threads of Fate.

The eye looketh bright and the heart keepeth light,
And man holdeth the conqueror's power,
When ready and brave he chains Time as his slave,
By the help of the early hour.

“OUR FATHER.”

“Many of the children told me they always said their prayers at night, and the prayer they said was ‘Our Father.’ I naturally thought they meant that they repeated the Lord’s Prayer, but I soon found that few of them knew it. They only repeated the first two words; they knew no more than ‘Our Father.’ These poor children, after their laborious day’s work (nail-making, japanning, screw-making), lying down to sleep with this simple appeal, seemed to me inexpressibly affecting.”—*Report of the Commissioners on the Employment of Children: Evidence of R. H. Horne, Town of Wolverhampton.*

Pale, struggling blossoms of mankind,
 Born only to endure,
 White helpless slaves whom Christians bind,
 Sad children of the poor!
 Ye walk in rags, ye breathe in dust,
 With souls too dead to ask
 For aught beyond a scanty crust,
 And Labour’s grinding task.
 Ye ne’er have heard the code of love,
 Of Hope’s eternal light;
 Ye are not led to look above
 The clouds of earthly blight;
 And yet ’mid Ignorance and Toil,
 Your lips, that ne’er have known
 The “milk and honey” of the soil,
 Sleep not before they own
 “Our Father!”

Unheeded workers in the marts
 Of England's boasted wealth,
 Ye, who may carry ulcered hearts,
 If hands but keep their health ;
 Ye whose young eyes have never watched
 June's roses come and go,
 Whose hard-worn fingers ne'er have snatched
 The spring flowers as they blow ;
 Who slave beneath the summer sun,
 With dull and torpid brain,
 Ye, who lie down when work is done,
 To rise and work again ;
 Oh, even ye, poor joyless things,
 Rest not, before you pray ;
 Striving to mount on fettered wings
 To Him who hears you say,
 " Our Father ! "

Proud easy tenants of the earth,
 Ye who have fairer lots ;
 Who live with plenty, love, and mirth,
 On Fortune's golden spots ;
 Ye, who but eat, laugh, drink, and sleep,
 Who walk 'mid Eden's bloom,
 Who know not what it is to weep
 O'er Poverty's cold tomb ;
 Oh, turn one moment from your way,
 And learn what these can teach,

Deign in your rosy path to stay,
 And hear the "untaught" preach,
 Then to your homes so bright and fair,
 And think it good to pray;
 Since the sad children of despair
 Can kneel in thanks and say,
 "Our Father!"

A SABBATH EVENING SONG.

God on earth! and God in heaven!
 God! who gave one day in seven
 Unto man, that he might rest
 With thy mercy in his breast.
 God of Goodness! I am kneeling
 In my spirit's deep revealing;
 Fervently to give thee praise
 For the peace of Sabbath days.
 Glad and tranquil thou hast made
 This soft hour of twilight shade,
 And I ask thee, in thy might,
 To be "watchman of my night."

Let me thank thee, let me own,
 At the footstool of thy throne,
 All my grateful joy and love,
 Drawn from hopes that point above ;
 Let me lay my heart before thee,
 And with holy trust implore thee
 To forgive its human blot,
 Gathered in its human lot.
 Listen, Father ! to my singing,
 Like a child to thee I'm clinging ;
 If I wander, guide me right,
 Be thou " watchman of my night ! "

Let me ask thee ere I sleep,
 To remember those who weep,
 Those who moan with some wild sorrow,
 That shall dread to meet the morrow ;
 Let me ask thee to abide
 At the fainting sick one's side,
 Where the plaints of anguish rise
 In smothered groans and weary sighs ;
 Give them strength to brook and bear
 Trial pain, and trial care ;
 Let them see thy saving light ;
 Be thou " watchman of their night ! "

God of all ; thou knowest well,
 Myriads of thy children dwell

Here among us, lone and blind,
 In the midnight of the mind ;
 Well thou knowest how they need
 Words to teach and hand to lead ;
 Well thou knowest that they sin,
 For the want of light within ;
 They grope and fall, and men refuse
 To raise them up and " bind the bruise ;"
 But thou, oh God ! in judgment's might,
 Be thou " watchman of their night !"

God of mercy ! God of grace !
 Keep me worthy of my place.
 Let my harpstrings ne'er be heard
 When they jar with thy plain word ;
 Should the world's fair pitfall take me,
 Father ! do not thou forsake me ;
 Let repentance cleanse the stain,
 And call me back to truth again ;
 Father : Infinite and Just !
 Shine upon my path of dust,
 Lead me in the noontide light,
 And be thou " watchman of my night !"

LADY JUNE.

Here she comes with broidered kirtle, here she is—the
 Lady June,
 Singing like a ballad minstrel, many a gay and laugh-
 ing tune.
 Let us see what she is dressed in—let us learn the
 “mode” she brings—
 For maiden never looked so lovely, though she wear
 but simple things.

See, her robe is richly woven of the greenest forest
 leaves,
 With full bows of honeysuckle looping up the flowing
 sleeves.
 See the fragrant marsh-flag plaited, forms her yellow
 tasselled sash,
 With the diamond studs upon it, flung there by the
 river splash.
 See her flounces—widely swelling, as the Zephyr’s
 wings go past,
 Made of roses, with the woodbine’s perfumed thread to
 stitch them fast.

See the foxglove's bell of crimson, and the poppy's
scarlet bud,
'Mid her tresses, bright and vivid as the sunset's ruby
scud.
See the fresh and luscious bouquet that she scatters in
her way,
It is nothing but a handful she has snatched of new-
mown hay.
See, her garments have been fashioned by a free and
simple hand,
But tell me, have you seen a lady look more beautiful
and grand ?

Yon old man has quite forgotten what his errand was,
I ween,
As he stares with listless pleasure on her garment-folds
of green.
Busy dealers pause a moment in their hurry after gain,
Thinking there is something joyous in her trolling carol
strain.
Youths and maidens track her closely, till their footsteps
blithely mingle,
In the field and by the streamlet, up the hill and through
the dingle.
Children fondly gather round her, prying into leaf and
blossom,
Pilfering with tiny fingers, jewels from her very bosom.

Here she comes with fairy footsteps, chanting ever as
 she runs,
 Ditty words that soothe the mournful, and enchant the
 happy ones.
 Here she comes with brodered kirtle, and we'll list
 what Lady June
 May be telling out so sweetly, in that merry dancing
 tune.

The Song of June.

Oh, come with me, whoever ye be,
 Come from the palace, and come from the cot;
 The strong and the hale—the poor and the pale—
 Ah, sad is the spirit that follows me not.

Old December lighted his pyre,
 And beckoned ye in to the altar blaze;
 He hung up his mistletoe over the fire,
 And pressed soft lips upon Christmas days.

Ye welcomed him with his eyes so dim,
 But I know ye have more love for me,
 When I wander about, and whistle ye out
 With my blackbird pipers in every tree.

Oh, come from the town, and let us go down
 To the rivulet's mossy and osiered brink;
 'Tis pleasant to note the lily queen float,
 The gadfly skim and the dappled kine drink.

Oh, let us away where the ringdoves play,
By the skirts of the wood in the peaceful shade ;
And there we can count the squirrels that mount,
And the flocks that browse on the distant glade.

And if we should stay till the farewell of day,
Its parting shall be with such lingering smile,
That the western light, as it greeteth the night,
Will be caught by the eastern ray peeping the while.

Little ones come with your chattering hum,
And the bee and the bird will be jealous full soon ;
For no music is heard like the echoing word
Of a child, as it treads 'mid the flowers of June.

Ye who are born to be weary and worn
With labour or sorrow, with passion or pain,
Come out for an hour, there's balm in my bower,
To lighten and burnish your tear-rusted chain.

Oh, come with me, wherever you be,
And beauty and love on your spirits shall fall ;
The rich and the hale, the poor and the pale,
For Lady June scatters her joys for all.

V A TEMPERANCE SONG.

"Be ye sober."—ST. PETER.

Who shall talk of strength and freedom,
 With a loud and fevered breath,
 While they let a full cup lead 'em
 To the slavery of death?

Men of labour, wake to thinking,
 Shout not with a reeling brain!
 Lips that argue o'er deep drinking
 Ever yield more chaff than grain.

Bravery that needs inspiring
 By the grape and barley-corn,
 Only gives the random firing,
 Cunning foes may laugh to scorn.

Do ye hope to march the faster
 To the summit of your claims,
 While ye let such tyrant master
 Strike your limbs in staggering shame?

Do ye find the hot libation,
 Poured so wildy on the heart,
 Make it fitter for its station,
 Whatsoe'er may be its part ?

Father, husband, wife, or mother !
 Can ye do the work ye should,
 While the fumes of madness smother
 Human love and human good ?

Wonder not that children trample
 All fair precept in the dust,
 When a parent's foul example
 Robs a home of peace and trust.

Who shall reckon all the anguish,
 Who shall dream of all the sin,
 Who shall tell the souls that languish
 At the spectre-shrine of Gin ?

Never shall we find a surer
 Portal to the beams and cell,
 Where the poor becometh poorer,
 Where earth seems akin to hell.

God sent all things for our pleasure,
 Food for man and food for beast.
 Say, which takes the surfeit measure,
 At the board of Nature's feast ?

God sent all things for our using,—
 Meat, and malt, and oil, and wine.
 Woe attends our rash abusing
 Heaven's merciful design.

Prize the boon we are possessing,
 But mark well the holy verse :
 Take enough, it is a blessing ;—
 Take too much, it proves a curse.

“Be ye sober!” they who struggle
 For the better lot below,
 Must not let the full cup juggle
 Soul and body into woe.

“Be ye sober!” if ye covet
 Healthy days and peaceful nights :
 Strong drink warpeth those who love it
 Into sad and fearful sights.

“Be ye sober!” cheeks grow haggard,
 Eyes turn dim, and pulse-tide blood
 Runs too fast, or crawleth laggard
 When there's poison in the flood.

Will ye let a demon bind ye
 In the chain of Helot thrall?
 Will ye let the last hour find ye
 In the lowest pit of all?

Oh ! stand back in godly terror,
When Temptation's joys begin ;
'Tis such wily maze of Error,
Few get out who once go in.

Shun the " dram " that can but darken,
When its vapour gleam has fled.
Reason says, and ye must hearken,
" Lessened drink brings doubled bread."

Though your rulers may neglect ye,
" Be ye sober !" in your strength ;
And they must and shall respect ye,
And the light shall dawn at length.

But let none cry out for freedom
With a loud and fevered breath,
While they let a full cup lead 'em
To the slavery of death. ✓

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

Methinks we should have this engraven
 Where all who are running may read,
 Where Interest swoops like a raven,
 Right eager to pounce and to feed !
 For too often does Honesty dwindle
 In bosoms that fatten on wealth,
 While Craft, with unsatisfied spindle,
 Sits winding in darkness and stealth.
 It is fair we should ask for our labour
 The recompense fairness should give ;
 But pause ere we trample a neighbour,
 For Duty says, " Live and let live."

Shame to those who, secure in their thriving,
 Yet fain would keep poorer ones down—
 Those who like not the crust of the striving
 To grow to a loaf like their own.
 Shame to those, who for ever are grasping
 At more than one mortal need hold,
 Whose heart-strings are coiling and clasping
 Round all that gives promise of gold.

Shame to those who with eager attaining
Are willing to take, but not give,
Whose selfishness—coldly enchaining—
Forgets it should “Live and let live.”

There is room in the world for more pleasure,
If man would but learn to be just,
And regret when his fellow-man's measure
Runs over with tear-drops and dust.
God sent us to help one another,
And he who neglects the behest,
Disgraces the milk of his mother,
And spreadeth Love's pall o'er his breast.
And the spirit that covets unduly,
May doubt if that God will forgive ;
For Religion ne'er preaches more truly,
Than when she says, “Live and let live.”

THANK GOD FOR SUMMER.

I loved the Winter once with all my soul,
 And longed for snow-storms, hail, and mantled skies,
 And sang their praises in as gay a troll
 As Troubadours have poured to Beauty's eyes.

I deemed the hard black frost a pleasant thing,
 For logs blazed high, and horses' hoofs rung out ;
 And wild birds came with tame and gentle wing,
 To eat the bread my young hand flung about.

But I have walked into the world since then,
 And seen the bitter work that cold can do—
 Where the grim Ice King levels babes and men
 With bloodless spear that pierces through and
 through.

I know now there are those who sink and lie
 Upon a stone bed at the dead of night :
 I know the roofless and unfed *must* die,
 When even lips at Plenty's Feast turn white.

And now whene'er I hear the cuckoo's song
 In budding woods, I bless the joyous comer ;
 While my heart runs a cadence in a throng
 Of hopeful notes, that say,—“ Thank God for Summer !”

I've learnt that sunshine bringeth more than flowers,
 And fruits, and forest leaves to cheer the earth ;
 For I have seen sad spirits, like dark bowers,
 Light up beneath it with a grateful mirth.

The aged limbs that quiver in their task
 Of dragging life on, when the north wind goads—
 Taste once again contentment, as they bask
 In the straight beams that warm their churchyard
 road.

And Childhood—poor pinched Childhood, half forgets
 The starving pittance of our cottage homes,
 • When he can leave the hearth, and chase the nets
 Of gossamer that cross him as he roams.

The moping idiot seemeth less distraught
 When he can sit upon the grass all day,
 And laugh and clutch the blades, as though he thought
 The yellow sun-rays challenged him to play.

Ah ! dearly now I hail the nightingale,
 And greet the bee—that merry-going hummer—
 And when the lilies peep so sweet and pale,
 I kiss their cheeks, and say,—“ Thank God for
 Summer ! ”

Feet that limp, blue and bleeding, as they go
 For dainty cresses in December’s dawn ;
 Can wade and dabble in the brooklet’s flow,
 And woo the gurgles on a July morn.

The tired pilgrim, who would shrink with dread
 If Winter’s drowsy torpor lulled his brain,
 Is free to choose his mossy summer bed,
 And sleep his hour or two in some green lane.

Oh ! Ice-toothed King, I loved you once—but now
 I never see you come without a pang
 Of hopeless pity shadowing my brow,
 To think how naked flesh must feel your fang.

My eyes watch now to see the elms unfold,
 And my ears listen to the callow rook ;
 I hunt the palm-trees for their first rich gold,
 And pry for violets in the southern nook.

And when fair Flora sends the butterfly,
 Painted and spangled, as her herald mummer,
 “ Now for warm holidays,” my heart will cry,
 “ The poor will suffer less ! Thank God for Summer.”

THE LILY AND THE STREAM.

A lily-cup was growing where the streamlet tide was
flowing,

And rich with grace and beauty there it bent ;
And passed the whole day long in dancing to the song,
Which gurgling ripples murmured as they went.
Though rush and weed were there, the place was fresh
and fair,

And wavelets kissed the Lily's tender leaf ;
The Lily wooed the water, and drank the draught it
brought her,
And never wore a tint of blighting grief.

A strong hand came and took the Lily from the brook,
And placed it in a painted vase of clay
But, ah ! it might not be, and sad it was to see
The suffering Lily fade and pine away.
The fountain-drops of wealth ne'er nursed it into health,
It never danced beneath the lighted dome ;
But wofully it sighed for the streamlet's gushing tide,
And drooped in pain to miss its far-off home.

Now human hearts be true, and tell me are not you
 Too often taken like the gentle flower ;
 And do ye never grieve, when Fortune bids ye leave
 Affection's Life-stream for a gilded bower ?
 Oh! many a one can look far back on some sweet brook,
 That fed their soul-bloom, fresh, and pure, and
 shining,
 And many a one will say, some painted vase of clay
 Has held their spirit, like the Lily, pining.

A SONG FOR THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

To work, to work ! ye good and wise,
 Let "ragged " scholars grace your schools,
 Ere Christian children can arise,
 They must be trained by Christian rules.

We ask no fragrance from the bud
 Where canker-vermin feeds and reigns,
 We seek no health-pulse in the blood,
 Where poison runneth in the veins.

And can we hope that harvest fruits,
 In desert bosoms can be grown,
 That palms and vines will fix their roots,
 Where only briars have been sown ?

Man trains his hound with watchful care,
 Before he trusts him in the chase ;
 Man keeps his steed on fitting fare,
 Before he tries him in the race ;

And yet he thinks the human soul,
 A meagre, fierce, and untaught thing,
 Shall heed the written Law's control,
 And soar on Reason's steady wing.

Oh, they who aid not by their gold,
 Or voice, or deed, the helpless ones,
 They who with reckless brain withhold
 Truth's sunshine from our lowly sons ;

Shall they be blameless—when the guilt
 Of rude and savage hands is known ;
 When crime is wrought and blood is spilt—
 Shall the *poor* sinner stand alone ?

Dare we condemn the hearts we leave
 To grope their way in abject gloom,
 Yet conscious that we help to weave
 The shroud-fold of Corruption's loom ?

Shall we send forth the poor and stark,
 All rudderless on stormy seas,
 And yet expect their spirit-bark
 To ride out every tempest breeze ?

Shall we with dim short-sighted eyes,
 Look on their forms of kindred clay,
 And dare to trample and despise
 Our sharers in a "judgment day ?"

Oh, narrow, blind, and witless preachers !
 Do we expect the "ragged " band
 To be among God's perfect creatures,
 While we refuse the helping hand ?

To work, to work ! with hope and joy,
 Let us be doing what we can ;
 Better build school-rooms for "the boy,"
 Than cells and gibbets for "the man."

To work, to work ! ye rich and wise,
 Let "ragged " children claim your care,
 Till those who yield Crime's jackal cries,
 Have learned the tones of peace and prayer.

HERE'S "CHRISTMAS!"

Here's "Christmas"—let us boldly greet him,
 We may as well, for none can cheat him;
 He will steal on, and slyly sprinkle
 The first grey hair and first faint wrinkle.
 And yet methinks it little matters
 What seed of Ruin-moss he scatters,
 So that amid it we contrive
 To keep Truth's Heartsease still alive
 Within our breast.

Here's Christmas, and it seemeth well
 That Conscience to our deeds should tell
 The just result of all we've done,
 And trace the way our sands have run.
 Let us peruse the closely sealed,
 The volume ever unrevealed,
 And see if we have said or thought
 No evil thing that shall have brought
 Blots on our crest.

The heart is but a ledger sheet,
 Where Right and Wrong in balance meet ;
 And well it is that we should see
 Full often how "accounts" may be.
 Old Christmas has a trick we find
 Of bringing bills of every kind,
 So ere we drain the festive cup
 We'll look within and reckon up
 The debts we owe.

Too many of us get so wrapt
 In "own dear self," that we are apt
 To dwell much more on what our brothers
 Should give to us than we to others.
 Our grasp is quick to seize and hold
 The kindness paid in moral gold ;
 But Equity, that bids us pass
 The same again, oft sees, alas,
 Our palms more slow.

Let us not idly shirk the task,
 But face ourselves and boldly ask
 Our conduct whether it has trod
 The path of Mammon or of God ?
 A more important "day-book" lives
 Than that which worldly commerce gives,
 Some brighter figures must be found
 Than those which make the golden round
 Of Profit's dial.

Let us take heed that no arrears
Are due to those whose silent tears
Are calling on us night and day
For debts which Mercy ought to pay ;
Let us be sure that we have heard
The claims of Misery's lowly word,
And that our lips have never driven
The helpless and the spirit-riven
With harsh denial.

Let us think how "accounts" may stand
When the "recording angel's" hand
Adds up *our* columns—turning then
To the "great book" not kept by men.
No yellow dust will serve to hide
The errors made by selfish pride ;
False items, though on vellum page,
Will never bear the searching gauge
Of holy sight.

So take good caution how we let
Delusion lead us into debt ;
And let Old Christmas find us willing
To pay Humanity's last shilling.
We'll pile the log and drain the cup,
But not before we reckon up
The " balance-sheet " that Conscience draws,
And God e'er keeps by his own laws
Of Wrong and Right.

ON RECEIVING A BUNCH OF HEATHER,
GORSE, AND FERN.

Wild blossoms of the moorland, ye are very dear to me;
Ye lure my dreaming spirit as the clover does the bee,
Ye bring back all my childhood loved, when Freedom,
Joy, and Health,

Had never thought of weaving chains to fetter Fame
and Wealth.

Wild blossoms of the common land, brave tenants of
the sod,

Your breathings were among the first that told me of a
God;

And how my reckless steps would bound, and how my
heart would burn,

Where gorse and heather flung their arms above the
forest fern.

Wild blossoms of the lonely waste, no fear could ever
daunt

My tiny feet from wandering amid your jungle haunt;
And many a bunch of purple bells that towered above
myself,

And many a fragrant brake I pulled like some wee
sylvan elf.

But, ah ! those tempting leaves of gold were difficult to
get ;

Alas, I prove that winning gold is not more easy yet !
But then my fingers only felt the sharp and piercing
smart,

And now I find the worldly thorns oft leave a bleeding
heart.

Oh, happy time, ere ruth or rhyme had crossed my
sunny brain,

'Tis not worth while to ask if such a time will come
again ;

For then my soul had not a thought but might be told
aloud,

And Pleasure's optics always gave the bow without its
cloud.

How bright my eye was when I gazed upon the plumes
of green,

And saw young rabbits in their play go speeding on
between ;

When burrowed sand with root-bound arch formed
strange and antique bowers,

And ye, wild blossoms of the waste, were fresh and
Eden flowers.

Who loved me then ? Oh, those who were as gentle as
sincere,

Who never kissed my cheek so hard as when it owned
a tear.

Whom did I love? Oh, those whose faith I never had to
doubt;

Those who grew anxious at my sigh and smiled upon
my pout.

What did I crave? The power to rove unquestioned, at
my will;

Oh wayward idler that I was,—perchance I am such
still.

What did I fear? No chance or change, so that it did
not turn

My footstep from the moorland coast, the heather and
the fern.

Methinks it was a pleasant time, those gipsy days of
mine,

When youth with rosy magic turned life's waters into
wine;

But nearly all who shared those days have passed away
from earth,

Passed in their beauty and their prime, their happiness
and mirth.

So now, rich flowers of the waste, I'll sit and talk to ye,
For Memory's casket, filled with gems, is opened by
your key;

And God be thanked that I can grasp your blossoms
sweet and wild,

And find myself a dotard yet, a dreamer and a child.

**"THERE'S A SILVER LINING TO EVERY
CLOUD."**

The poet or priest who told us this
 Served mankind in the holiest way ;
 For it lit up the earth with the star of bliss
 That beacons the soul with cheerful ray.
 Too often we wander despairing and blind,
 Breathing our useless murmurs aloud ;
 But 'tis kinder to bid us seek and find
 "A silver lining to every cloud."

May we not walk in the dingle ground
 When nothing but Autumn's dead leaves are seen ;
 But search beneath them, and peeping around
 Are the young spring tufts of blue and green.
 'Tis a beautiful eye that ever perceives
 The presence of God in Mortality's crowd,
 'Tis a saving creed that thinks and believes
 "There's a silver lining to every cloud."

Let us look closely before we condemn
 Bushes that bear nor bloom nor fruit,
 There may not be beauty in leaves or stem,
 But virtue may dwell far down at the root ;

And let us beware how we utterly spurn
 Brothers that seem all cold and proud,
 If their bosoms were opened, perchance we might learn
 "There's a silver lining to every cloud."

Let us not cast out Mercy and Truth,
 When Guilt is before us in chains and shame,
 When Passion and Vice have cankered youth,
 And Age lives on with a branded name :
 Something of good may still be there,
 Though its voice may never be heard aloud,
 For, while black with the vapours of pestilent air,
 "There's a silver lining to every cloud."

Sad are the sorrows that oftentimes come,
 Heavy and dull and blighting and chill,
 Shutting the light from our heart and our home,
 Marring our hopes and defying our will ;
 But let us not sink beneath the woe,
 'Tis well perchance we are tried and bowed,
 For be sure, though we may not oft see it below,
 "There's a silver lining to every cloud."

And when stern Death, with skeleton hand,
 Has snatched the flower that grew in our breast,
 Do we not think of a fairer land,
 Where the lost are found, and the weary at rest ?

Oh ! the hope of the unknown Future springs,
 In its purest strength o'er the coffin and shroud,
 The shadow is dense, but Faith's spirit-voice sings
 " There's a silver lining to every cloud."

OUR RAMBLES BY THE DOVE.

ADDRESSED TO C. C. IN AMERICA.

'Tis well to proudly tell me of the glories of the West,
 Of the stream with rapid torrent and the lake with
 heaving breast,
 Of the mountain and the prairie, of the forest and the
 bluff,
 Savannah spot so fragrant and the jungle dell so rough.
 I know that there are wonders in your own gigantic
 land,
 The gorgeous and the beautiful, the startling and the
 grand,
 I know the cataracts are bold, the fields of maize are
 wide,
 I know the pines are thick enough to let the lightnings
 hide ;

But glad I am to hear thee say with warm and clinging
love,
Thou thinkest of Old England and our rambles by the
"Dove."

Prize as thou wilt the banks that keep thy clear broad
rivers in,
Where panthers drink and light canoes bear on the
tawny skin,
Be speaking fondly as thou mayst of hills that climb
around,
And boast of wildflowers that bedeck the trackless
"hunting-ground."
Magnolias are exquisite and humming-birds are choice,
And "whip-poor-will" may charm thee with his melan-
choly voice ;
But canst thou quite despise the thrush that whistled
on the thorn,
And those "forget-me-nots" that wore the jewels of
the morn ?
Canst thou shut out the green below and cloudless blue
above,
That led us still, still onward in our rambles by the
"Dove ?"

Oh, no indeed, I know *thy* land will never chase away
The happiness we found in *mine* on that long, sunny
day ;

I know thy great White Mountains cannot dim the
winding steep,
That lured us dreamily along to gain the "Lover's
Leap."

Do you remember how we sat, and tried to find a word
That would express the plashing gush of water that we
heard?

And how we watched the alders bend, as peacefully and
light,

As though an angel's wing had passed and touched
them in its flight?

And how we said that Eastern clime held no Arcadian
Grove,

Of more romance and sweetness than the valley of the
"Dove?"

We were familiar with the place, we had been there
before,

But somehow on this August day we worshipped it the
more,

And every crag of old grey rock and every wave-washed
stone,

Seemed touched with richer colouring and breathed a
softer tone.

That tiny river, how it crept beneath the leafy shade,
Where golden perch and silver dace in glancing frolic
played;

And how it dashed in foaming haste adown the mossy
 wall,
 Where granite fragments broke the flow, and made a
 waterfall ;
 And how we stood in silent joy with hearts brimfull
 of love,
 And saw the great Creator gliding onward with the
 "Dove."

Oh, do not let the mighty scenes that meet thy vision
 now
 Shut out "Thorpe Cloud," that standeth like a frown
 on Beauty's brow.
 Oh, do not let the noble trees that spring upon thy
 sod,
 Prompt thee to spurn the bramble arms that hugged us
 as we trod.
 Thou wilt be seeing many things to win thy loudest
 praise ;
 But let Old England's woods and dales yet steal upon
 thy gaze ;
 Think of our merry travels on this narrow island earth,
 And own that we have often found rare spots of Eden
 birth ;
 And when amid the vast and fair thy native footsteps
 rove,
 Call up our sunny rambles by the waters of the "Dove."

I breathed a prayer while straying there, God grant
'twas not in vain,
It asked the boons of Life and Health to seek that place
again,
It asked that those around me then might share the
future joy,—
The hope was earnest, strong, and pure ; God keep it
from alloy.
Write on—and proudly tell me of the wonders of the
West,
But glad I am that more than once thy spirit hath con-
fessed
Affection for our daisied fields, green lanes, and babbling
brooks,
Our orchards and white cottages, and fairy-haunted
nooks;
For I believe that thou wilt come with all thy olden
love,
And let my prayer be answered by the waters of the
“Dove.”

LINES IN THE TWILIGHT.

My native harp, my native harp,
And is the willow round thee?
Oh why not be as light and free
As when I first unbound thee!

Thy simple song has poured for long
Like water from the fountain,
Thy thoughts have burst, all roughly nursed,
Like daisies from the mountain.

And many a time thy minstrel chime
Has found warm hearts to listen,
Till Joy and Pride stood side by side
And made my dull eye glisten.

I know too well a fearful spell
Has lately hushed thy breathings,
But Truth's refrain shall sound again,
And wild flowers form thy wreathings.

The shadowy leaves that Suffering weaves,
 Are one by one departing,
 And 'mid thy strings I see the wings
 Of moth and woodlark starting.

My native harp, my native harp,
 Deep gloom has hung about thee,
 And sad, I ween, my life has been
 While dragging on without thee.

Full many a day I've longed to play
 Some fond and earnest measure ;
 But thou wert laid in silent shade,
 Like some unholy treasure.

A valued one has passed and gone,
 In death his faith revealing,
 And some have sold for needless gold
 Their friendship and their feeling.

Yet up, my heart—thy minstrel part
 Shall win new friends to love thee ;
 There's more to do before the yew
 Will spread its shade above thee.

Though some have been too falsely mean,
 To keep the place I gave them,
 And seemed to think my pride would shrink
 Before it dared to brave them,

Let, let them go, as things too low
 To grieve for in the losing ;
 Friends still abound, and plenty round
 Stand forth to seek my choosing.

The true, the good, have nobly stood
 The test of lengthened trial,
 And watching o'er, they strove to pour
 Some balm from Sorrow's vial.

I've learnt to scorn the basely born,
 Whose wealth has dried life's springs up ;
 I've learnt the worth of some on earth
 Who fold their eagle wings up.

Fate filled a cup—I drank it up,
 Though Torture mixed the potion ;
 The storm is past, and now at last
 I see a sun-bright ocean.

So up, my heart, thy minstrel part
 Greets all who kindly love thee ;
 There's more to do before the yew
 May fling its shade above thee.

LAW AND JUSTICE.

"Once upon a time," which all good people know,
Always stands for "nobody knows when,"
Old Dame Justice lived among us here below,
Held in proper reverence by men.

They tell us wondrous tales, and say that in her scales,
An ounce of Worth weighed down a pound of Gold;
And though none quite agree as to when that time
might be,
We all admit it must be very old.

It seems that cunning folks soon tried to lead and hoax
The blind old lady into doing wrong;
But they saw they could not frighten, and they found
they could not coax,
So they openly abused her before long.

She stood with dauntless form, like a sign-post in a
storm,
Still telling people which way they should take;
But her enemies increased, and their malice grew so
warm,
That the honest woman's heart began to ache.

The Gods, who lived above, and held her in their love,
 As most important delegate of Truth,
 Felt very sad to find the mass of mortal kind
 So soon should prove mean, selfish, and uncouth.

Dame Justice, somewhat proud, would seldom tell aloud
 The burning wrongs that pierced her to the heart,
 And so Jove thought at length he'd give her extra
 strength,
 And send a brave young man to take her part.

They dress'd him all in black, and stuffed a sacred sack
 With spotless wool to serve him for a seat;
 And firmly did he vow that he would never bow
 To any who might come with bribe or cheat.

He'd keep at the right hand of Justice, and withstand
 The yellow dust and great patrician's word;
 'Twixt Poverty and Might, he promised to indict
 The greatest sinner, spite of all he heard.

And this most honest man Jove sent to aid the plan
 Of universal good and common right;
 They bless'd him and anointed the head of their
 appointed,
 They called him "Law," and sent him forth to fight.

Alas! this "traitor loon," this brave young man full
 soon
 Did anything but serve his mistress well,—

He shifted like the wind, he altered like the moon,
And was changeful in his breathings as a bell.

All plausible and fair, he kept beside her chair,
But while she told him how he was to act,
He managed so to state what she wished him to relate,
That she scarcely knew her own unvarnished fact.

He has dared full many a time to treat the poor man's
crime
With bitter words—the prison and disgrace;
While the rich, whose meed of shame should have been
the very same,
Met the smile of courteous mercy on his face.

He does such brazen deeds, that the soul of Justice
bleeds,
As she hears his “summing up,” with sad surprise;
And while he “settles things,” convulsively she wrings.
The brine-drops from the bandage on her eyes.

Most certain it appears, that these anguish-laden tears
Are caused by this young man so shrewd and clever;
And the case is very clear, that since Jove sent “Law”
here,
Old Justice has been much worse off than ever.

"TURN AGAIN, WHITTINGTON."

Be it fable or truth, about Whittington's youth,
Which the tale of the magical ding-dong imparts,
Yet the story that tells of the boy and the bells,
Has a might and a meaning for many sad hearts.
That boy sat him down, and looked back on the town,
Where merchants, and honours, and money were rife,
With his wallet and stick, little fortuneless Dick
Was desponding, till fairy chimes gave him new life,
Saying, "Turn again, Whittington!"

And up rose the boy, with the impulse of joy,
And a vision that saw not the dust at his feet,
And retracing his road, he was found with his load,
In the city that gave him its loftiest seat.
Hope, Patience, and Will, made him bravely fulfil
What the eloquent tone of the chimes had foretold;
And that echo still came, breathing light on his name,
When by chance his hard fortune seemed rayless and
cold,
Saying, "Turn again, Whittington!"

And say, is there not, in the gifted one's lot,
A fairy peal ringing for ever and aye?
Would not Genius stoop 'neath its burden, and droop,
If it ne'er heard a mystical chime on its way?
Oh! full often the soul hath been turned from the goal,
Where Glory and Triumph were weaving its meed,
Till some angel-tongued voice bade it rise and rejoice,
Like the Bow-bells that spoke in the wanderer's need,
Saying, "Turn again, Whittington!"

Oh! many bright wings would be motionless things,
If some echo of Faith did not bear them above;
For the world will oft try to coop those who can fly,
But God sendeth a whisper in Mercy and Love.
The breast that is fraught with the great prophet-
thought,
May encounter all troubles that vex and destroy,
But a fairy peal still gives it hope, strength, and will,
Like the chimes in our legend that guided the boy,
Saying, "Turn again, Whittington!"

THE STREETS.

Great good oft springs from "common things," and
exquisite Ideal

Will make its way with holy ray among the Hard and
Real ;

Upon the beaten road of Life it is the crystal gate
Through which we all must pass who seek to taste our
Eden state.

'Tis with us ever in the town, thank God its halo falls
Upon the highway path as well as in the Temple halls ;
And how my bosom cherishes the first delights it had
In those strange sympathies of Love that make us good
and glad—

For I was born no rich man's child, and all my "spirit-
treats "

Were spread in greatest plenitude about the crowded
" Streets."

I saw the foreign "image-man" set down his laden
stand,

I lingered there and coveted the Beauty that I scanned;

The "Dancing Girl," the "Prancing Steed," the
 "Gladiator" dying,
 The bust of "Milton" close beside where sinless
 "Eve" was lying;
 And how I gazed with rapture on the "Bard of Avon's"
 face,
 With young impulsive worship of its majesty and
 grace.
 Oh! by the memory of those hours, I never thrust aside
 A child who stares at lovely things with eyeballs fixed
 and wide;
 We may not gauge the flood of light such opening
 vision meets,
 While bent in joyful wondering on "Beauty" in the
 "Streets."

How well I knew the organ-boys, and how I freely gave
 My halfpenny to him who sang "Dunois the young and
 brave;"
 How wistfully I coaxed my guide to take me to the
 spot
 Where old Blind Arthur's fiddle poured the tunes yet
 unforgot;
 The "College Hornpipe" stirred my feet, "Auld Robin
 Gray" my breast,
 But "Nannie wilt thou gang wi' me,"—I think I liked
 that best.

And how I struggled with the hand that would not let
me stay

As long as I would fain have done, to hear that minstrel
play.

Oh! let me list what strains I may, I know my heart
ne'er beats

Such perfect time as then it did to music in the
"Streets."

I loved, as childhood ever loves, the blossoms of the
earth ;

I had no garden of my own and watched no rose's
birth,

But I could walk abroad and see the daffodils so gay,
With violets mixed, and I could touch the basket where
they lay,

And I could ask the tired girl to tell me all she knew
About the crocuses she sold, and how and where they
grew ;

And I could buy a tiny bunch to serve me as a
shrine,

Where many a time my heart knelt down with feeling
all divine.

Ah me! ah me! no bloom can be encircled with such
sweets

As those poor simple "bowpots" were—those flowers
in the "Streets."

Ah! well it is for human truth, and well for human joy,
That God thus flings a rainbow hope which Sin can
ne'er destroy;

That "common things" can lure us on and firmly raise
us up,

And shed the Hybla honey-drop within the humblest
cup.

Who scorns the "common" sculpture art that poor
men's pence can buy,

That silently invokes our soul to lift itself on high?

Who shall revile the "common" tunes that haunt us as
we go?

Who shall despise the "common" bloom that scents the
market-row?

Oh! let us bless the "Beautiful" that ever lives and
greet

Our spirits in the music and the flowers of the
"Streets."

THE GALLOPING STEED.

There's a courser we ne'er have been able to rein—
 He careers o'er the mountain, he travels the main—
 He's Eternity's Arab—he trieth his pace
 With the worlds in their orbits, and winneth the race.
 Oh! a charger of mettle I warrant is he,
 That will weary his riders, whoe'er they may be;
 And we all of us mount, and he bears us along,
 Without hearing our check-word or feeling our thong;
 No will does he heed, and no rest does he need,
 Oh! a brave Iron Grey is this galloping steed.

On, on, and for ever, for ever he goes—
 Where his halting-place is, not the wisest one knows;
 He waits not to drink at the Joy-rippled rill,
 He lags not to breathe up the Pain-furrowed hill.
 Right pleasant forsooth is our place on his back,
 When he bounds in the sun on Life's flowery track,—
 When his musical hoofs press the green moss of Hope,
 And he tramples the pansy on Love's fairy slope;
 Oh, the journeying then is right pleasant indeed,
 As we laugh in our strength on this galloping steed.

But alack and alas ! he is soon off the grass,
 With dark stony defiles and dry deserts to pass,
 And his step is so hard and he raises such dust,
 That full many are groaning, yet ride him they must.
 On, on, through the gloomy morass of Despair—
 Through the thorns of Remorse and the yew-trees of
 Care ;

Our limbs and our forehead are sore to the quick,
 But still we must ride him, bruised, weary, and sick ;
 Gentle hearts may be shaken and stirred till they bleed,
 But on they must go with this galloping steed. ~

In the stone-hurdled churchyard he maketh no stop,
 But the boldest perchance of his riders will drop ;
 They may cling to him closely, but cannot hold fast
 When he leaps o'er the grave-trench that Death opened
 last.

Betrapped and bedecked with his velvet and plumes,
 A grand circle he runs in the show-place of tombs ;
 He carries a King—but he turneth the crypt,
 And the Monarch that strode him so gaily hath slipped,—
 Yet on goes the Barb at the top of his speed,—
 What's the fall of such things to this galloping steed ?

Right over the pyramid walls does he bound,
 In the Babylon deserts his hoof-prints are found ;
 He snorts in his pride—and the temples of light
 Wear a shadowy mist like the coming of night.

On, on, and for ever, he turns not aside,
He recks not the road, be it narrow or wide ;
In the paths of the city he maketh no stay,
Over Marathon's Plain he is stretching away.
Oh ! show me a pedigree, find me a speed,
That shall rival the fame of this galloping steed.

He hath traversed the Past, through the Present he flies,
With the Future before him right onward he hies ;
He skims the broad waters, he treads the dark woods,
On, on, and for ever, through forests and floods.
Full many among us are riding him now,
All tired and gasping, with sweat on our brow.
We may suffer and writhe, but 'tis ever in vain,
So let's sit on him bravely and scorn to complain ;
For we know there's a goal and a glorious meed
For the riders of Time—that old galloping steed.

THE HEART'S CHARITY.

A rich man walked abroad one day,
And a poor man walked the selfsame way,
When a pale and starving face came by
With a pallid lip and a hopeless eye,
And that starving face presumed to stand
And ask for bread from the rich man's hand ;
But the rich man sullenly looked askance,
With a gathering frown and a doubtful glance,
" I have nothing," said he, " to give to you,
Nor any such rogue of a canting crew ;
Get work, get work ! I know full well
The whining lies that beggars can tell."
And he fastened his pocket, and on he went,
With his soul untouched and his Wisdom content.

Now this great owner of golden store
Had built a church not long before,
As noble a fane as man could raise,
And the world had given him thanks and praise ;
And all who beheld it lavished fame
On his Christian gift and godly name.

The poor man passed, and the white lips dared
 To ask of him if a mite could be spared ;
 The poor man gazed on the beggar's cheek,
 And saw what the white lips could not speak ;
 He stood for a moment, but not to pause
 On the truth of the tale, or the parish laws ;
 He was seeking to give—though it was but small,
 For a penny, a single penny, was all ;
 But he gave it with a kindly word,
 While the warmest pulse in his breast was stirred ;
 'Twas a tiny seed his Charity shed,
 But the white lips got a taste of bread,
 And the beggar's blessing hallowed the crust
 That came like a spring in the desert dust.

The rich man and the poor man died,
 As all of us must, and they both were tried
 At the sacred Judgment-seat above,
 For their thoughts of evil, and deeds of love.
 The balance of Justice *there* was true,
 And fairly bestowed what fairly was due,
 And the two fresh-comers through Heaven's gate
 Stood there to learn their eternal fate.
 The recording angels told of things
 That fitted them both with kindred wings ;
 But as they stood in the crystal light,
 The plumes of the rich man grew less bright.

The angels knew by that shadowy sign,
 That the poor man's work had been most divine;
 And they brought the unerring scales to see
 Where the rich man's falling off could be.

Full many deeds did the angels weigh,
 But the balance kept an even sway,
 And at last the church endowment laid
 With its thousands promised and thousands paid,
 With the thanks of prelates by its side,
 In the stately words of pious pride,
 And it weighed so much, that the angels stood
 To see how the poor man could balance such good
 A cherub came and took his place
 By the empty scale, with radiant grace,
 And he dropped the penny that had fed
 White starving lips with a crust of bread.
 The church endowment went up with the beam,
 And the whisper of the Great Supreme,
 As he beckoned the poor man to his throne,
 Was heard in this immortal tone—
 "Blessed are they who from great gain
 Give thousands with a reasoning brain,
 But holier still shall be his part
 Who gives one coin with pitying heart!"

STANZAS WRITTEN ON A SPRING DAY.

Oh, let me bask amid the beams
That gild the May-day sod ;
For I am dreaming happy dreams
Of Joy, and Love, and God.

A soft and sunny day like this
Brings back a thousand things,
To dance again with Elfin bliss
In Memory's fairy rings.

As fond Affection's words of might,
In secret fluid traced,
Exist unseen, till warmth and light
Before the scroll are placed ;

So do the deep and mystic thoughts
Of pure devotion start
Into rich flow, as Nature's glow
Of sunshine meets my heart.

I hear loud, merry voices come
 Of children out at play :
 The music of that human hum
 Is Earth's first poet lay.

It yields the notes that call me back
 To many a kindred scene,
 When my young steps and my young track
 Were just as gay and green.

I recked not then what Fame or Gold
 The world might have to give ;
 While balls were flung, and hoops were trolled,
 'Twas boon enough to *live*.

And while I hear glad shouting now
 From Childhood's panting lips,
 As Spring-rays steal, with radiant brow,
 From Winter's dark eclipse ;

I find my Spirit's hope become
 As gleaming and as vernal,
 For child and flower, with holy power,
 Say, " Beauty is eternal."

So let me bask amid the beams
 That gild the May-day sod,
 For they are bringing happy dreams
 Of Joy, and Love, and God.

MY NAME.

There was a tree—a flourishing tree—
 Stood by a gentle stream,
And its noble stem, fair, strong, and free,
Became so precious a thing to me,
 That it haunted my midnight dream.

For I loved to look on its branches bright,
 So graceful and so green,
And I loved to watch the golden light
Come rushing down the sapphire height
 To sleep in its leafy screen.

I sat at its root and sang its praise,
 And talked to it many a time,
And wished I were a bird, whose days
Could be spent on its boughs in roundelay,
 Far richer than my poor rhyme.

I carved my name on that fair tree
 With deep and earnest mark,
And something of a triumph-glee
Came over my youthful heart to see
 The letters live on the bark.

I wrought each line with doting care,
 'And thought, as the last was done,
 That in-after-years I might come back there
 And see how that brave tree still would bear
 My name in the summer sun.

Fond child of Hope! I went again
 When a lengthened span had passed,
 And I sought the tree, with a busy brain,
 That pictured the letters as clear and plain
 As when I beheld them last.

But my spirit met a chilling cloud
 In that cherished memory-spot,
 For the name of which I had been so proud
 Had been hidden long in a rugged shroud,
 And was but a graceless blot.

The letters graved with joyous care
 Had lost all shapely trace,
 The tree had grown more grand and fair,
 But my poor name—oh! nothing was there
 Save a blurred and knotted place!

I stood and gazed—"And thus," I said,
 "Has many a trusting one
 Been proud of the impress they have made
 On some loved heart, that was arrayed
 In the light of Affection's sun.

“ They thought they had carved their name on a thing
That would wear it and bear it for ever ;
That the winds of Winter and showers of Spring,
And all the changes Life’s seasons could bring,
Would work with a vain endeavour.

“ They have fondly dreamt of finding it there
When long, long years had gone by ;
They have thought it firmly sculptured where
The beautiful tablet, sound and fair,
Would never let it die.

“ But alas ! Time plays a guileful part,
And many have lived to see,
With Disappointment’s baneful smart,
Their name blotted out in some loved heart,
As mine from the cherished tree.”

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

Oh, what can this be, that with earnest endeavour
 We seek for in vain—yet keep seeking for ever ?
 Oh, where is the charm that has baffled for ages
 The wise and the witless—the saints and the sages ?
 We go on pursuing, we go on believing,
 Still ardently wooing some thing that's deceiving ;
 We gaze on some bubble that Fancy has blown,
 And behold in its shape the "Philosopher's Stone."

The child looketh out on the sunshine and moth,
 And he sees what the alchymist toils for in both ;
 Let him play in the beam, let him capture the fly,
 And the world wears a mantle that dazzles his eye.
 But the heat and the light make him weary full soon,
 And he finds we may tire of the summer-day's noon ;
 The insect is crushed, and he sitteth alone,
 Sighing over his childhood's "Philosopher's Stone."

The man in his prime is still doting and dreaming,
 Hope's roseate flames more intensely are gleaming,

And he thinks the alembic yields all he desires,
 When Affection's elixir is formed by its fires.
 He has seized on the charm, but he liveth to prove
 That some dross is not even transmuted by Love ;
 And full many a bosom will mournfully own
 It was cheated the most by this meteor Stone.

Old Age in ripe Wisdom conceiveth at length,
 That the gold in *itself* holds the spell and the strength ;
 And he scrapes and he gathers in coffers and lands,
 And imagines he then has the charm in his hands ;
 But he findeth, alas ! that he cannot miss all
 Of Mortality's cypress and Misery's gall ;
 Though monstrous and mighty his heaps may have
 grown,
 Even wealth is a failing " Philosopher's Stone."

We pant after that, and we toil after this,
 And some wisp-light delusion still beacons to bliss ;
 We hang o'er Life's crucibles, fevered with care,
 Ever eager to find the great talisman there :
 We get sweet distillations and magical fumes ;
 The rich fragrance beguiles, and the vapour illumines ;
 But we find when the perfume and mist-cloud have
 flown,
 That we have not secured the " Philosopher's Stone."

Oh! what folly it seems to be striving to gain
 Heaven's alchemy secret with efforts so vain;
 Why struggle for bloom of celestial birth,
 While neglecting the flowers beside us on earth?
 Let us keep a "good Conscience,"—*this* talisman seems
 To come nighest the charm of our chemical dreams,
 'Tis the ray most direct from the Infinite Throne,
 And the only enduring "Philosopher's Stone."

THE GREEN HILL-SIDE.

How well I know, that long ago, ere Reason oped her
 eyes,
 My spirit asked for "something more," with deep and
 earnest sighs;
 How well I know that Childhood's glow flushed redder
 on my brow,
 When wanderers came home at night, and brought a
 forest bough!
 The town-born child had heard of streams, of woods
 and giant trees,
 Of golden sunshine on the sward, and perfume on the
 breeze;

And visions floated round me, that a city could not
hide,
Of cottages and valleys and a Green Hill-side.

Oh ! how my young heart panted for an unknown fairy
land !
I longed to grasp the wild flowers, that I read of, in my
hand ;
I longed to see the ringdove's nest, and wished to hear
the tones
Of the sheep-bell on the mountains, and the brooklet
on the stones :
And if by chance a butterfly came flitting through the
street,
The thought to chase its pretty wings ne'er stirred my
tiny feet ;
But I wished that it would take me on its journey far
and wide,
And let me share its home-place by some Green Hill-
side.

The wondrous tales of diamond mines, of silver and of
gold—
The stories of king's palaces that elder playmates told—
Not all the treasures of the earth, nor pearl-drops of the
sea,
Could serve to form the Paradise so coveted by me ;

But when they spoke of shady lanes, and woods where
they had been,
Of crimson foxgloves they had pulled, and bright fields
they had seen,
Then, then, uprose the eager voice that ever loudly
cried,
“ ’Tis these I love! Oh! give to me the Green Hill-
side!”

Ah, me! it was an inborn love, and Fate at last was
kind,
It gave me all my childish soul had ever hoped to find;
Fresh meadows and fair valleys, where a pebbled stream
ran through,
Where bleating flocks were herded, and the brake and
hawthorn grew;
I trod the Eden land of Joy my passion long had
sought,
With ecstasy too glad for words, almost too wild for
thought,
Till lulled in peaceful happiness, my song with gushing
tide
Ran chiming with the mill-stream by the Green Hill-
side.

That cottage, with its walls so white, and gabled roof so
quaint,
Oh! was it not a chosen thing for artist hands to
paint?

With casement windows, where the vine festoon'd the
 angled panes,
 And trellised porch, where woodbine wove its aromatic
 chains ;
 Ah ! memory yet keeps the spot with fond and holy
 care ;
 I know the shape of every branch that flung its shadow
 there ;
 And 'mid the varied homes I've had—Oh ! tell me
 which has vied
 With that of merry Childhood by the Green Hill-side ?

I dwelt in that white cottage, when the Winter winds
 were loud
 In singing funeral dirges over Nature's snowy shroud,
 When my breath was turned to crystal stars upon the
 casement lead,
 When the drift choked up the threshold, and the robin
 tumbled dead :
 I dwelt there when the rains came down, and mist was
 on the sod,
 When brown leaves, dark and desolate, danced round
 me as I trod ;
 But still I climbed the open slope, and still I watched
 the tide,
 And loved the gabled cottage by the Green Hill-side.

I have a hope—I have a prayer, now living in my breast;
 They keep beside me everywhere, and haunt my hours
 of rest :

I have a star of future joy, that shines with worshipped
 ray,

That rises in my dreams at night, and in my thoughts
 by day :

My doting wish, my passion-shrine invokes no worldly
 prize

That Fortune's noisy wheel can give to charm Ambition's
 eyes :

The grand, emblazoned gifts of place, let those who will
 divide,

I long for some white cottage by a Green Hill-side.

It is no fevered summer-whim that asks for fields and
 flowers,

With chance of growing weary when the roses leave the
 bowers ;

It is no fancy, just begot by some romantic gleam
 Of silver moonlight peeping down upon a pleasant
 stream.

Ah, no ! I loved the tree and flower, with Childhood's
 early zeal,

And tree and flower yet hold the power to bid my spirit
 kneel ;

I know what cities offer up to Pleasure, Pomp, and Pride ;
 But still I crave the cottage by a Green Hill-side.

Oh, Fortune ! only bless me thus ! 'tis all I ask below ;
 I do not need the gold that serves for luxury and show ;
 A quiet home, where birds will come, with freedom,
 fields, and trees,
 My earliest hope, my latest prayer, have coveted but
 these ;
 It is a love that cannot change—it is the essence-part
 Of all that prompts my busy brain, or dwelleth in my
 heart ;
 And doting Age will say the same that dreaming Child-
 hood cried,
 “ Oh, give me but a cottage by some Green Hill-side ! ”

A CITY SONG.

Go look into the City's face,
 That spreadeth over tens of miles ;
 Go wander through the Merchant place
 Of busy brains and countless piles.

From palace halls to cellar floors,
 In broad highway and narrow street,
 From beggars' dens to princes' doors,
 Go look, and note what ye shall meet.

Close pent, and dim, the God of Gain
 Dwells there within his home of stone,
 Content with kennel and with chain,
 So that he gnaw a golden bone.

Ah ! gloomy are the Winter days
 That close around the traffic mart,
 And short-lived are the summer rays
 That fall upon the City's heart.

Yet dear Old Nature, fresh and fair,
 Has worshippers for ever true,
 For ever fond ; and even there
 We see her sweet smile peeping through.

Mark the dim windows ye shall pass,
 And see the petted myrtle here,
 While there, upraised in tinted glass,
 The curling hyacinths appear.

The broad geranium, in its pride,
 Looks out to kiss the scanty gleam,
 And rosebud nurslings, by its side,
 Are gently brought to share the beam.

Hands, with their daily bread to gain,
 May oft be seen, at twilight hour,
 Decking their dingy garret pane
 With wreathing leaf or sickly flower.

Smile not to see the broken cup,
 With dusty mould and starting seed ;
 The one who fills it renders up
 An offering that God may heed.

Look kindly on the housecrop patch,
 Reared by the sinful or the poor ;
 Spurn not the humblest, who would snatch
 Sparks from the Beautiful and Pure.

For not " all evil " is the one
 Who fondly twines some dwindling leaves
 Now to the life-stream of the sun,
 Then to the rain-drops from the eaves.

A trace of something goodly still
 Lurks in a bosom while it yields
 An instinct love on smoky sills,
 And seeks to call up woods and fields.

A pleasant sight it is to see
 The Spirit of Creation haunt
 The City paths in some old tree,
 Where butterflies and rooks may flaunt.

Though Toil and Dust may hem us round,
 And drink the freshness of our Life,
 Some Eden trace will yet be found—
 Some olive-branches in the strife.

The child will smile at these fair things
 Who never saw the grassy sod,
 Telling how faithfully man clings
 To that which links him to his God.

Oh ! let us look with grateful eye
 On branch and bloom within a City ;
 They seem, we know not how or why,
 To cheer us like a minstrel's ditty.

They tell of something which defies
 The lust of Wealth and dread of Death—
 They point to brighter, bluer skies,
 And whisper with a seraph's breath.

Though mean they seem, though weak they be,
 Yet do they hold our mortal leaven,
 And while we see the flower and tree,
 The City still is nigh to Heaven.



A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS EVE.

I cannot let my harp be still
 While holy chimes and bells are ringing ;
 Come round me, neighbours, if ye will,
 And help me in my carol singing.
 Chant, loud and long, 'tis " Christmas Eve,"
 We've got a merry time before us,
 And now old friends, by your good leave,
 I'll troll the song and ye the chorus ;
 And this shall be the theme for glee,
 A theme no cynic dare condemn,
 May kindly word and loving heart
 Be household " stars of Bethlehem."

We all have had our yearly share
 Of pains and griefs and sad vexations,
 For grim old Care comes everywhere,
 And claims us as his near relations.
 Our heads have ached, our hands have toiled,
 But blackest bread may hold some leaven,
 And all earth's trials never spoiled
 A spirit that had faith in Heaven.

Crushed bloom a perfume still imparts,
 Though hard the blow that smote the stem,
 And hearts that feel for others' hearts
 Are human "stars of Bethlehem."

But surely some bright hours have come
 Of Hope and Joy, of Peace and Beauty;
 Some welcome ray has cheered our way,
 And lighted up the path of Duty;
 Some blessings have been scattered round,
 Some drops of mercy have been showered;
 Some heavy chains have been unbound,
 Some clouds have passed that darkly lowered.
 So let us raise the notes of praise,
 For gratitude is Nature's gem,
 And breasts that wear it shed a beam
 Like holy "stars of Bethlehem."

Let friend and foe, let age and youth,
 Let weak and strong draw nigh together,
 And spread the wing of social truth
 Without one rough or broken feather.
 'Tis fit that such a time as this
 Should link us closer to each other,
 To spread the circle of our bliss
 Until it reach our poorest brother.

Oh ! " help the needy," for 'tis said,
 The hands that raise and succour them
 Will find a friend in Him who made
 His sign " the star of Bethlehem."

God give us might, God give us will
 To render thanks for Plenty's measure,
 And may our bounty ever spill
 A goodly portion of the treasure.
 May blessings fall on each and all
 Who rightly use the gifts intrusted ;
 But shame to Wealth that keeps in stealth
 Its " talent," cold, and dim, and rusted.
 The pearl of Charity is yet
 The Christian's purest, fairest gem,
 And every bosom where 'tis set
 Serves well the " star of Bethlehem."

Hark ! there are merry bells without,
 And let us ring our chimes within,
 Let mirth and music breathe about,
 For simple pleasure killeth sin.
 Chant loud and long, 'tis " Christmas Eve,"
 Come help me, neighbours, in my singing,
 Ye give true notes, and by your leave,
 I'll string the echoes ye are flinging.

And thus the glad refrain is heard,
A theme no cynic dare condemn,
May loving heart and kindly word
Be household "stars of Bethlehem."

"WRITE SOON!"

Long parting from the hearts we love
Will shadow o'er the brightest face;
And happy they who part, and prove
Affection changes not with place.

A sad farewell is warmly dear,
But something dearer may be found
To dwell on lips that are sincere,
And lurk in bosoms closely bound.

The pressing hand, the steadfast sigh,
Are both less earnest than the boon
Which, fervently, the last fond sigh
Begs in the hopeful words, "write soon!"

“ Write soon ! ” oh, sweet request of Truth !
 How tenderly its accents come !
 We heard it first in early youth,
 When mothers watched us leaving home.

And still amid the trumpet-joys,
 That weary us with pomp and show,
 We turn from all the brassy noise
 To hear this *minor* cadence flow.

We part, but carry on our way
 Some loved one's plaintive spirit-tune,
 That, as we wander, seems to say,
 “ Affection lives on faith,—Write soon ! ”

“ NO.”

Would ye learn the bravest thing
 That man can ever do ?
 Would ye be an uncrowned king,
 Absolute and true ?
 Would ye seek to emulate
 All we learn in story,
 Of the moral, just, and great,
 Rich in real glory ?

Would ye lose much bitter care
 In your lot below ?
 Bravely speak out when and where
 'Tis right to utter " No."

Learn to speak this little word
 In its proper place—
 Let no timid doubt be heard,
 Clothed with sceptic grace,
 Let thy lips, without disguise,
 Boldly pour it out ;
 Though a thousand dulcet lies
 Keep hovering about.
 For be sure our hearts would lose
 Future years of woe,
 If our courage could refuse
 The present hour with " No."

When Temptation's form would lead
 To some pleasant wrong—
 When she tunes her hollow reed
 To the syren's song—
 When she offers bribe, and smile,
 And our conscience feels
 There is naught but shining guile
 In the gifts she deals,

Then, oh ! then, let courage rise
 To its strongest flow ;
 Show that ye are brave as wise,
 And firmly answer " No."

Hearts that are too often given,
 Like street merchandise—
 Hearts that like bought slaves are driven
 In fair freedom's guise.
 Ye that poison soul and mind
 With perjury's foul stains,
 Ye who let the cold world bind,
 In joyless marriage chains,
 Be true unto yourselves and God,
 Let rank and fortune go,
 If Love light not the altar spot,
 Let Feeling answer " No."

Men with goodly spirits blest,
 Willing to do right,
 Yet who stand with wavering breast
 Beneath persuasion's might,
 When companions seek to taunt
 Judgment into sin ;
 When the loud laugh fain would daunt
 Your better voice within,

Oh ! be sure ye'll never meet
 More insidious foe ;
 But strike the coward to your feet,
 By Reason's watchword, " No."

Ah, how many thorns we wreathe,
 To twine our brows around,
 By not knowing when to breathe
 This important sound.
 Many a breast has rued the day
 When it reckoned less
 Of fruits upon the moral " Nay "
 Than flowers upon the " Yes."
 Many a sad repentant thought
 Turns to " long ago,"
 When a luckless fate was wrought
 By want of saying " No."

Few have learnt to speak this word
 When it *should* be spoken,
 Resolution is deferred,
 Vows to virtue broken ;
 More of courage is required,
 This one word to say,
 Than to stand where shots are fired
 In the battle fray.

Use it fitly, and ye'll see
 Many a lot below,
 May be schooled and nobly ruled
 By power to utter "No."

THE TWO WORSHIPPERS.

THE PAST.

High and grand the Abbey wall
 Bears its turrets to the cloud,
 Who would think that foe or fall
 Could come to place so strong and proud ?
 There in Superstition's glory
 Dwell the lone ascetic band ;
 Those who write our human story
 In a cramped and tortured hand.
 There the Monk in rigid duty,
 Shut from nature's holy ties ;
 Deaf to Mirth, and blind to Beauty,
 Bends in dark and sackcloth guise.
 There he joins in mournful dirge,
 With shaven scalp and tattered serge ;

There he crouches at the shrine,
 With the symbol and the sign;
 There he creeps with cowl and hood,
 In a penitential mood ;
 There he breathes in mumbling terror
 Words that speak but sin and error ;
 There he weareth life away,
 Hour by hour, and day by day ;
 With his dry lips coldly dead
 To Pleasure's smile, and Beauty's red,
 And not a trace of Hope within
 His lightless eye and wrinkled skin ;
 With a slanting forehead, rifted
 As a rock where sands have drifted ;
 Forehead where consuming care
 Feedeth on the Bigot's fare.
 Moping in the lonely cells,
 Drearly his beads he tells ;
 Groping through the cloistered nook,
 Cheerlessly he bears his book :
 There he murmurs, there he trembles,
 Weariest of weary ones,
 While his hollow voice resembles
 Winter winds in skeletons ;
 Looking as though all things here
 Could but call the mortal tear,
 And yielding up his incense-cup
 With the hand of coward fear.

Arch of gloom above his head,
 Sepulchres beneath his tread ;
 Like a tree to earth he clings,
 But without the sap of love ;
 Like a bird to heaven he springs,
 But ye find not in his wings
 The soft, rich feather of the dove.

There the saintly Monk was seen
 In his work of prayer I ween ;
 There the joyless Monk would stand,
 Penance-worn, with cross in hand,
 Full six hundred years ago,
 When the Abbey in its prime,
 With matin bell and vesper chime,
 Made a great and godly show.

THE PRESENT.

Full six hundred years have fled,
 And the Abbey pile is scattered,
 War and ruin have been spread,
 Blood been spilt and keystones shattered.
 Ivy stalks are running over
 Cloister wall and oriel top,
 Harebell cups and snowy clover
 Tempt the first young bees to stop.

Wide and wild the grass is growing,
 Where the altar shrine was raised ;
 There the fresh spring wind is blowing,
 There the wandering kine have grazed.
 Look ye now, and see another
 Serving there in pious hope,
 See another holy brother
 Bending o'er the sodded slope.
 'Tis a poet one who lingers
 Fondly where the blossoms start,
 Pearls of dew upon his fingers,
 Gold of knowledge in his heart.
 No rough sackcloth is he wearing,
 No strange missal is he bearing,
 He is smiling as he gazes
 On the spangles at his feet ;
 Child-like, he is plucking daisies,
 And the violets so sweet !
 Peacefully he steps about,
 Where blackbirds rest and cowslips glitter,
 With a love that's too devout
 To crush the flower or stay the twitter.
 By the altar-spot he's leaning,
 With his bunch of incense bloom,
 And his spirit bath a meaning,
 That shall chasten and illumine.
 He is thinking of " Our Father,"
 Fashioner of all below,

And his mercy, that would rather
We should dwell in joy than woe.
He is rapturously doting
On the yellow primrose leaf ;
He is eloquently noting
April's glances, bright as brief.
There the priest of song is staying,
Still beside the broken wall,
He is praying, he is saying,
" Jubilate," for us all.

Tell me, tell me, which shall be
God's first chosen devotee,
The Monk of old in tattered serge,
With mumbling gloom and doleful dirge,
Or the present Poet-one,
Serving 'mid the flowers and sun ?

LINES

SUGGESTED BY A NIGHTINGALE.

I am jealous ! I am jealous ! which I ne'er have been
before,

And I trust by all I suffer, I shall never be so more ;
For all the petty pangs of pain ne'er gave me half the
smart

That this young green-eyed viper does, now nibbling at
my heart.

Full many trying moments have I passed through in
my life,

While swallowing the bitter herbs that stir the blood of
strife ;

I've lost my place at spelling-class, to some still
younger dunce,

And seen my cobbled fancy-work outrivalled more than
once.

I've heard the dancing-master say the cruellest of
things,

Declaring Miss Rosina was a fairy without wings ;

While, as for me, he scarcely knew to what he could
compare

My awkward step in minuets, excepting to a bear.

I have been doomed to hear the praise of fairer skins
than mine,

And listened while my neighbour's eyes were mentioned
as divine—

While my poor cheeks and orbs were left unnoted in
their hue,

And slighted, since they did not shine in brilliant pink
and blue.

I've had a very nice young man keep flitting at my side,
And talking to me with a deal of eloquence and pride,
Till really, 'twixt the music and a little iced cham-
pagne,

The nice young man appeared to be my most devoted
swain ;

But some young-lady friend appeared, with sweet and
gracious smile,

She wooed him with the softness of a tender flirting guile,
I stood alone, my beau had gone to join the *balancez*,—
My lady friend, with wicked might, had carried him
away.

And yet, amid these trials, I have stood with unmoved
breast,

Not even having lovers pilfered broke my spirit's rest ;

And, verily, I have declared, with honest, upturned brow,
That never was my nature tinged with jealousy till now.
But only think, for some two hours, have I been dream-
ing here,

Where summer trees are all full dress'd, and summer
skies are clear,
Without one line of carol song outpouring from my lyre,
Although I've asked, and begged, and prayed Apollo to
inspire.

And, all at once, a Nightingale has perched above my
head,

And burst into a strain that might almost enchant the
dead ;

So loud, so full, so exquisite, so gushing and so long,
O ! can I hear the lay, and not be jealous of the song ?
So free, so pure, so spirit-filled, so tender, and so gay,
I do feel jealous ; yes I do ; and really well I may,
When I have sought such weary while to breathe a few
choice notes,
And find myself so mocked at by the tiniest of throats.

Now listen to that " jug, jug, jug ; " did ever jug pour out
Such liquid floods of ecstasy, in rapid streams about ?
And now, that hissing, trembling tone, in one long
earnest shake,
Like quenching hosts of fiery stars in some ambrosial
lake.

Again, that whistle did you hear—that warble, now this trill?

See, it has made the ploughman and the gipsy-boy stand still!

Again, and louder, sweeter too; just hearken to its pipe,

And wonder not that I'm within the green-eyed monster's gripe.

I'm jealous! yes indeed, I am! I'm pale with angry rage!

I almost wish the merry thing were trammelled in a cage!

But, stay, I'll have still more revenge, in evil thought, at least,

And wish him worse than ever fell to lot of bird or beast.

I'll wish he had to *write* his song beneath a midnight taper,

On pittance that would scarcely pay for goose-quill, ink, and paper;

And then, to crown his misery, and break his heart in splinters,

I'll wish he had to see his proofs, his publishers, and printers!

A CHANT FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

The scythe of Time is mowing
 Another swath of life,
 And the seed that we've been sowing—
 Grain of Peace or tares of Strife—
 Has been gathered safe and fast
 In the garner of the past,
 To lie for ever !

Have we done the best we could
 With the ways and means we hold ?
 Have we wrought the things we should
 With our judgment or our gold ?
 Have we played our mortal part,
 By our hand, or brain, or heart,
 With fair endeavour ?

The steeple pulses beating,
 With rapid strokes of mirth,
 Loudly tell our days are fleeting,
 Like molten snow, from earth ;
 And the fitful carol strain
 Is a warning once again
 To the soul !

Have we dozed among the sleepers ?

Have we stirred among the quick ?

Have we comforted the weepers ?

Have we watched beside the sick ?

Have we dwelt in open kindness,

Or groped in selfish blindness

Like the mole ?

Come, let us ask our bosoms

If we earnestly have sought

To nurture all the blossoms

In our pathway as we ought ?

Let us ask if we are giving

As much love to all the living

As we can ?

'Tis a fitting hour to reckon

Not only yellow store :

For passing old years beckon

Where no wealth can win the shore !

'Tis a day for Age and Youth

To sum up their debts of Truth

To God and Man !

The glossy branches twining

In beauty o'er our head ;

'They are but garlands shining

In a pomp that greets the dead.

And a trace of holy gloom
 Makes a temple of the room
 Where they are seen.

Let the feasting and the drinking
 Be as goodly as it may ;
 Yet the wise ones will be thinking—
 As they hail the festal day—
 Time is hushing us to rest
 As he rocks us on his breast
 Of Christmas green !

Year after year is going ;
 So work while there is light ;
 Let us keep the rust from growing,
 Let us wear our spirit bright.
 And 'tis only honest labour,
 And the love of friend and neighbour,
 Can do this.

So, while Old Time is mowing
 Another swath of Life,
 Let us pledge the cup that's flowing
 To the heart that shuts out strife :
 For, amid all selfish blindness,
 It is only Peace and Kindness
 Make our bliss.

HOUSEHOLD WALLS.

We talk of "old familiar faces,"
 And love them warmly and sincerely ;
 But there are old familiar places,
 That cling to us almost as dearly.

Say, who among us, with a heart
 Where Feeling's holy sunshine falls,
 Can bear, untouched to turn and part
 From even long-known household walls ?

Walls, that have echoed to our pleasure,
 Walls, that have hidden us in grief,
 Been shaken by our dancing measure,
 And garnished by our Christmas leaf.

The chairs, that we have drawn around
 The twilight fire, with friends beside us,
 When in that tiny world we found
 The peace the larger world denied us.

The table, where our arm has leaned,
 And held our brow in pensive thinking,
 The cosy curtain that has screened,
 When north-east draughts have found us shrinking ;

Oh ! are there not some hearts, that ever
 A tint of love from these can borrow ;
 And when they say " Good bye," can never
 Take the last look without deep sorrow ?

And how the spirit learns to talk
 To some old tree, or whitethorn hedge,
 Or worship some poor garden walk,
 As though 'twere bound by sacred pledge.

Oh ! many a throbbing heart will yearn
 To household wall, or old green lane ;
 And many a farewell glance will turn,
 Half-dimmed, to peep just once again

At some familiar noteless thing,
 Which we have dwelt with, till it seems
 A feather in the gentle wing,
 That nestles all our happiest dreams.

Oh ! love, thou hast a noble throne
 In bosoms where thy life-light falls,
 So warm and wide, that they have sighed,
 At leaving even household walls.

OH ! LET US BE HAPPY.

FOR MUSIC.

Oh ! let us be happy when friends gather round us,
 However the world may have shadowed our lot ;
 When the rose-braided links of Affection have bound us,
 Let the cold chains of Earth be despised and forgot.
 And say not that Friendship is only ideal,
 That Truth and Devotion are blessings unknown ;
 For he who believes every heart is unreal,
 Has something unsound at the core of his own.
 Oh ! let us be happy when moments of Pleasure
 Have brought to our presence the dearest and best ;
 For the pulse ever beats to most heavenly measure
 When Love and Goodwill sweep the strings of the
 breast.

Oh ! let us be happy when moments of meeting
 Bring those to our side who illumine our eyes ;
 And though Folly, perchance, shake a bell at the
 greeting,
 He is dullest of fools who for ever is wise.

Let the laughter of Joy echo over our bosoms,
 As the hum of the bee o'er the Midsummer flowers,
 For the honey of Happiness comes from Love's blossoms,
 And is found in the hive of these exquisite hours.
 Then let us be happy when moments of pleasure
 Have brought to our presence the dearest and best ;
 For the pulse ever beats to most heavenly measure
 When Love and Goodwill sweep the strings of the
 breast.

Let us plead not a spirit too sad and too weary
 To yield the kind word and the mirth-lighted smile ;
 The heart, like the tree, must be fearfully dreary
 Where the robin of Hope will not warble awhile.
 Let us say not in pride that we care not for others,
 And live in our Wealth, like the ox in his stall ;
 'Tis the commerce of Love with our sisters and brothers
 Helps to pay our great debt to the Father of All.
 Then let us be happy when moments of pleasure
 Have brought to our presence the dearest and best ;
 For the pulse ever beats with more heavenly measure
 When Love and Goodwill sweep the strings of our
 breast.

THE CHURCHYARD STILE.

I left thee young and gay, Mary,
 When last the thorn was white ;
 I went upon my way, Mary,
 And all the world seemed bright ;
 For though my love had ne'er been told,
 Yet, yet, I saw thy form
 Beside me, in the midnight watch,
 Above me, in the storm.
 And many a blissful dream I had,
 That brought thy gentle smile
 Just as it came when last we leaned
 Upon the Churchyard Stile.

I'm here to seek thee now, Mary,
 As all I love the best ;
 To fondly tell thee how, Mary,
 I've hid thee in my breast ;
 I came to yield thee up my heart,
 With hope, and truth, and joy,
 And crown with Manhood's honest faith
 The feelings of the boy.

I breathed thy name, but every pulse
 Grew still and cold the while,
 For I was told thou wert asleep
 Just by the Churchyard Stile.

My messmates deemed me brave, Mary,
 Upon the sinking ship ;
 But flowers o'er thy grave, Mary,
 Have power to blanch my lip.
 I felt no throb of quailing fear
 Amid the wrecking surf,
 But pale and weak I tremble here,
 Upon the osiered turf.
 I came to meet thy happy face,
 And woo thy gleesome smile,
 And only find thy resting-place
 Close by the Churchyard Stile.

Oh ! years may pass away, Mary,
 And Sorrow lose its sting,
 For Time is kind, they say, Mary,
 And flies with healing wing ;
 The world may make me old and wise,
 And hope may have new birth,
 And other joys and other ties
 May link me to the earth ;

But Memory, living to the last,
 Shall treasure up thy smile,
 That called me back to find thy grave
 Close to the Churchyard Stile.

SONG OF THE RED MAN.

I saw thee a stranger when low thou wert lying,—
 Thou mightst have been sleeping, thou mightst have
 been dying ;
 The pallor of anguish was over thy cheek,
 I found thou wert lonely, and wounded, and weak.
 This right hand in charity bound up thy breast,—
 My home in the mountains gave shelter and rest ;
 And my well of sweet waters, my flask of rich wine,
 My bread and my goat's-flesh, unasked for, were thine.

You saw me a stranger, content with a home
 Where the wandering white man but rarely has come ;
 You saw me content with my rifle and bounds,
 With my date-shadowed roof, and my maize-covered
 grounds ;

You saw me possessed of one exquisite thing,—
 A pure daughter as bright as the prairie in spring ;
 You saw me kneel down when the lightnings were
 wild,
 And ask God for nought else but my beautiful child.

Three moons have run out since we met by the river,
 Your life has been spared by the bountiful Giver,
 Your health has returned with its strength and its
 grace,
 With its flash in your eye, and its tinge on your face.
 You can tread like a deer up the rugged hill-side,—
 You can swim where the stream is as rapid as wide.
 There is nerve in your grasp, there is pride on your
 brow ;
 I can help you no longer,—oh ! go from me now.

To my milk and my fruit, to my corn and my meat,
 You are welcome as light,—you may drink, you may
 eat ;
 But I saw you last night, where the linden-trees grow,
 With my child in the leafy savannah below :
 I saw you bend gracefully over her hand
 As you told her the south was a lovelier land ;
 You made vows of deep love with a smile and a sigh,
 And with treachery lured my young nestling to fly.

Oh, white man! the blood may well redden your skin,
 For the theft you design is the meanest of sin;
 You have shared all I have till you need it no more,
 Yet would take from me that which no hand can
 restore.

I've been robbed by the panther, he comes to my fold
 In his desperate fierceness, defying and bold;
 I have seen him go forth with fresh blood on his
 tongue,
 But *he* left me my honour,—*he* took not my young.

The gaunt wolf crouches low to spring out on the lamb,
 And, if hunger be on him, he spares not the dam;
 The fell puma has fed on the colt and the steer,
 And the wild dogs at noontide will harass my deer.
 There's the snake in the jungle, the hawk in the sky,
 Let them strike what they may, it is doomed, and
 must die;
 But the boa and vulture declare what they seek,
 And conceal not with flowers the coils or the beak.

Go, leave me, false man, while my child is secure;
 Away! for I chafe, and my rifle is sure.
 There's the whip-snake and jaguar few leagues to the
 east,
 Herd with them, for thou'lt match with the reptile and
 beast.

Should a lily-skinned daughter e'er cling to thy neck,
 Then remember the father whose peace thou wouldst
 wreck ;
 Away, then, base coward ! there's guilt in thine eye,
 And there's lead in my barrel,—away ! or thou'lt die !

MUSICAL MURMURS FROM A SHATTERED STRING.

Lone, enduring, still, and thinking,
 Gazing out upon the main ;
 Now the Bygone cometh, linking
 Bliss intense with speechless pain.

Far, far off my Fancy wanders
 To my first fresh Eden bowers,
 And my doting Memory squanders
 Spirit-dew on withered flowers.

Now the Real, then the Seeming,
 Come before my earnest gaze ;
 And I yet can mark the dreaming
 By its halo 'mid the haze.

Fools we are while fondly holding
 Parley with a phantom guest,—
 Fools we are while closely folding
 Poisoned mantles to our breast.

It is hard to see our glasses
 Shiver ere they touch our lip;
 But the dream-draught oft surpasses
 All the Actual gives to sip.

True it is, my whole existence
 Will be mixed with rainbow thread,
 And that I shall track the distance
 By the leaves Romance has shed.

Yet my soul ofttimes is sighing
 Over much it seeks to learn,
 When stern Wisdom, in replying,
 Makes me shiver while I burn.

I have bought and sold while dwelling
 In the world's wide market-place,
 But I care not to be telling
 All the items I can trace.

Somehow, when we stand and beckon
 Shadows from our bygone days,
 More of skeletons we reckon,
 Than of dancing spirit-fays.

Self-control, and quickened Feeling,
 Truth and Knowledge are my gain :
 But I've bartered, in the dealing,
 All my best of heart and brain.

I have gathered some few bay-leaves.
 That entwine my thoughtful brow.
 But my violets and May-leaves
 Blow not as they used to blow.

Once upon a time they covered
 All Life's grassy hedgerow slope,
 While around the wild bee hovered
 In the shape of busy Hope.

I can look on record treasures
 Of Experience and years,
 But I see my rarest pleasures
 Bear an after-blot of tears.

Time's broad tide of unplumbed waters
 Rolls upon my mortal strand,
 With its tribe of mermaid daughters
 Singing on their hidden sand ;

But that tide full oft is bringing
 Broken spar and shattered mast,
 And the fairest waves are flinging
 Shipwrecks of a fairy Past.

Be it so,—but still I gather
 Pearls no shipwreck can destroy ;
 And, though sighing, I would rather
 Bear the woe than lose the joy.

Still the day dons golden glory,
 Still the night wears silver studs,
 Still the skylark sings his story,
 Still the myrtle puts forth buds.

And, forsooth, the world can never
 Hold delight for bird and tree,
 Yet in gloom shut out for ever
 All its rays of love from me.

No, ah ! no ; bright hours are coming,
 Health and Life will rise again,
 With an echo of the humming
 That once formed Hope's wild-bee strain.

Yet, let Fate be stern or smiling,
 I can brook the grave or glad ;
 And, though charmed by the beguiling,
 Still I can defy the sad :

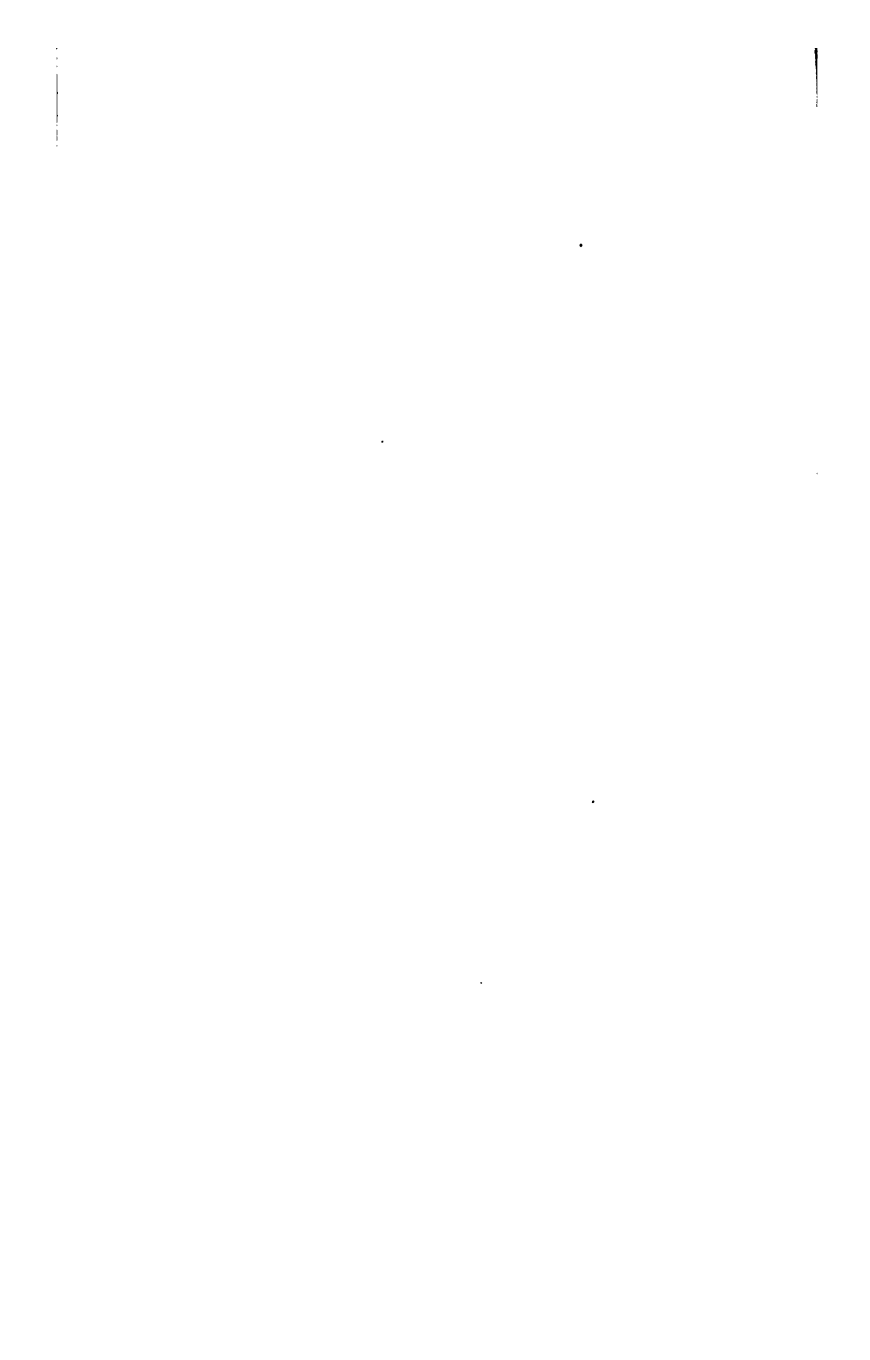
For I've stemmed the darkest billow
 That can meet the human breast,—
 I have found the hardest pillow
 That Despair has ever pressed ;

And I know that mortal trouble,
Offer all it can or may,
Will but seem a surface bubble
After what has choked my way.

“God is great!” He only knoweth
What I’ve borne, and still must bear;
“God is great!” my spirit boweth,
But there’s pain too deep for prayer.

If I kneel not—if I feel not
All that holy pastors preach,
Wait till ye have wounds that heal not,
Ere ye breathe condemning speech.

Hush, proud heart! my brow is sinking,
“God is great!” my eyes are dim;
Cynic priest! beware hard thinking,—
Leave the judgment-seat to Him.



RHYMES FOR YOUNG READERS.

THE MOUSE AND THE CAKE.

A mouse found a beautiful piece of plum-cake,
The richest and sweetest that mortal could make ;
'Twas heavy with citron and fragrant with spice,
And covered with sugar all sparkling as ice.

“ My stars ! ” cried the mouse, while his eye beamed
with glee,

“ Here’s a treasure I’ve found, what a feast it will be ;
But, hark ! there’s a noise, ’tis my brothers at play,
So I’ll hide with the cake, lest they wander this way.

“ Not a bit shall they have, for I know I can eat
Every morsel myself, and I’ll have such a treat ; ”
So off went the mouse as he held the cake fast,
While his hungry young brothers went scampering past.

He nibbled, and nibbled, and panted, but still
He kept gulping it down till he made himself ill ;
Yet he swallowed it all, and 'tis easy to guess,
He was soon so unwell that he groaned with distress.

His family heard him, and as he grew worse,
They sent for the doctor, who made him rehearse
How he'd eaten the cake to the very last crumb,
Without giving his playmates and relatives some.

" Ah me ! " cried the doctor, " advice is too late,
You must die before long, so prepare for your fate ;
If you had but divided the cake with your brothers,
'Twould have done you no harm, and been good for the
others.

" Had you shared it, the treat had been wholesome
enough,
But eaten by *one*, it was dangerous stuff ;
So prepare for the worst ; " and the word had scarce fled,
When the doctor turned round, and the patient was
dead.

Now all little people the lesson may take,
And *some* large ones may learn from the mouse and the
cake,
Not to be over-selfish with what we may gain,
Or the best of our pleasures may turn into pain.

AN EVENING SONG.

Father above ! I pray to thee,
Before I take my rest !
I seek thee on my bended knee,
With warm and grateful breast.

First let me thank thee for my share
Of sweet and blessed health ;
It is a boon I would not spare,
For worlds of shining wealth.

And next I thank thy bounteous hand,
That gives my " daily bread,"
That flings the corn upon the land,
And keeps our table spread.

I thank thee for each peaceful night,
That brings me soft repose ;
I thank thee for the morning's light,
That bids my eyes uncloze.

I own thy mercy when I move
With limbs all sound and free,
That gaily bear me when I rove
Beside the moth and bee.

I thank thee for my many friends,
 So loving and so kind ;
 Who tell me all that knowledge lends,
 To aid my heart and mind.

Ah ! let me value as I ought
 The lessons good men teach,
 To bear no malice in my thought,
 No anger in my speech.

Father above ! Oh ! hear my prayer,
 And let me ever be
 Worthy my earthly parents' care,
 And true in serving thee.



TRY AGAIN.

King Bruce of Scotland flung himself down
 In a lonely mood to think ;
 'Tis true he was monarch, and wore a crown,
 But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed,
 To make his people glad,
 He had tried and tried, but couldn't succeed,
 And so he became quite sad.

He flung himself down in low despair,
As grieved as man could be ;
And after a while as he pondered there,
“ I'll give it all up,” said he.

Now just at the moment a spider dropp'd,
With its silken cobweb clue,
And the king in the midst of his thinking stopp'd
To see what the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome,
And it hung by a rope so fine,
That how it would get to its cobweb home,
King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl
Straight up with strong endeavour,
But down it came with a slippery sprawl,
As near to the ground as ever.

Up, up it ran, not a second it stayed,
To utter the least complaint,
Till it fell still lower, and there it laid,
A little dizzy and faint.

Its head grew steady—again it went,
And travelled a half-yard higher,
'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread,
And a road where its feet would tire.

Again it fell and swung below,
 But again it quickly mounted,
 Till up and down, now fast, now slow,
 Nine brave attempts were counted.

“ Sure,” cried the king, “ that foolish thing
 Will strive no more to climb,
 When it toils so hard to reach and cling,
 And tumbles every time.”

But up the insect went once more,
 Ah me ! 'tis an anxious minute,
 He's only a foot from his cobweb door,
 Oh, say will he lose or win it !

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch,
 Higher and higher he got,
 And a bold little run at the very last pinch
 Put him into his native cot.

“ Bravo, bravo !” the King cried out,
 “ All honour to those who *try* ;
 The spider up there, defied despair,
 He conquered, and why shouldn't I ?”

And Bruce of Scotland braced his mind,
 And gossips tell the tale,
 That he tried once more as he tried before,
 And that time did not fail.

Pay goodly heed, all ye who read,
 And beware of saying " *I can't* ;"
 'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead
 To Idleness, Folly, and Want.

Whenever you find your heart despair
 Of doing some goodly thing,
 Con over this strain, try bravely again,
 And remember the Spider and King !

A N G E R.

Oh ! anger is an evil thing,
 And spoils the fairest face,—
 It cometh like a rainy cloud
 Upon a sunny place..

One angry moment often does
 What we repent for years ;
 It works the wrong we ne'er make right
 By sorrow or by tears.

It speaks the rude and cruel word
 That wounds a feeling breast ;
 It strikes the reckless, sudden blow,—
 It breaks the household rest.

We dread the dog that turns in play,
All snapping, fierce, and quick ;
We shun the steed whose temper shows
In strong and savage kick :

But how much more we find to blame,
When passion wildly swells
In hearts where kindness has been taught,
And brains where Reason dwells.

The hand of Peace is frank and warm,
And soft as ring-dove's wing ;
And he who quell's an angry thought
Is greater than a king.

Shame to the lips that ever seek
To stir up jarring strife,
When gentleness would shed so much
Of Christian joy through life.

Ever remember in thy youth,
That he who firmly tries
To conquer, and to rule himself,
Is noble, brave, and wise.

HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Home for the Holidays, here we go ;
 Bless me, the train is exceedingly slow !
 Pray, Mr. Engineer, get up your steam,
 And let us be off, with a puff and a scream !
 We have two long hours to travel, you say,
 Come, Mr. Engineer, gallop away ;
 Two hours more ! why the sun will be down,
 Before we reach dear old London town !
 And then, what a number of fathers and mothers,
 And uncles and aunts, and sisters and brothers,
 Will be there to meet us—oh ! do—make haste,
 For I'm sure, Mr. Guard, we have no time to waste !
 Thank goodness, we sha'n't have to study and stammer,
 From nine till ten, over that nasty French Grammar ;
 Lectures, and classes, and lessons are done,
 And now we'll have nothing but frolic and fun ;
 Home for the holidays, here we go ;
 But this Fast train is exceedingly slow !

We shall have sport when Christmas comes,
 When "snap-dragon" burns our fingers and thumbs ;
 We'll have the Polka they taught us last,
 And make the blind fiddler play it fast

We'll hang mistletoe over our dear little cousins,
And pull them beneath it and kiss them by dozens ;
We shall have games at " Blind-man's Buff,"
And noise and laughter, and romping enough ;
We'll crown the plum-pudding with bunches of bay,
And roast all the chestnuts that come in our way ;
And when Twelfth-night falls, we'll have such a cake,
That as we stand round it the table shall quake ;
We'll draw " King and Queen," and be happy together,
And dance old " Sir Roger " with hearts like a feather ;
Home for the Holidays, here we go !
But this fast train is exceedingly slow.

And we'll go and see Harlequin's wonderful feats,
Changing by magic whatever he meets ;
And Columbine, too, with her beautiful tripping ;
And Clown, with his tumbling, and jumping, and
slipping,
Cramming all things in his pocket so big,
And letting off crackers in Pantaloon's wig !

The horses that danced, too, last year in the ring,
We remember the tune, it was sweet " Tink a Ting ;"
And their tails, and their manes, and their sleek coats
so bright,
Some cream and some piebald, some black and some
white ;
And how Mr. Merryman made us all shout,
When he fell from the horse, and went rolling about ;
We'll be sure to go there—'tis such capital fun,
And we won't stir an inch till 'tis every bit done !

Mr. Punch, we'll have him too, our famous old friend,
 One might see him for ever and laugh till the end ;
 With his little dog Toby, so clever and wise,
 And poor Mrs. Judy with tears in her eyes ;
 With the Constable taking him off to the bar,
 And the gentleman talking his " Shalla-balla ;"
 With the flourishing stick that knocks all of them down ;
 For Punch's delight is in breaking a crown !

Home for the Holidays, here we go !
 But really this train is exceedingly slow ;
 Yet stay ! I declare, here is London at last ;
 The Park is right over the tunnel just passed.
 Huzza ! Huzza ! I can see my papa !
 I can see George's uncle, and Edward's mamma !
 And Fred, there's your brother ! look ! look ! there he
 stands,
 They see us, they see us, they're waving their hands ;
 Why don't the train stop, what *are* they about ?
 Now, now it is steady,—oh ! pray let us out ;
 A cheer for old London, a kiss for mamma,
 We're home for the Holidays Now, huzza !

THE SAILOR BOY'S GOSSIP.

You say, dear mamma, it is good to be talking
With those who will kindly endeavour to teach,
And I think I have learnt something while I was walking
Along with the sailor boy down on the beach.

He told me of lands where he soon will be going,
Where humming-birds scarcely are bigger than bees,
Where the mace and the nutmeg together are growing,
And cinnamon formeth the bark of the trees.

He told me that islands far out in the ocean
Are mountains of coral that insects have made ;
And I freely confess I had hardly a notion
That insects could work in the way that he said.

He spoke of wide deserts where sand-clouds are flying,
No shade for the brow, and no grass for the feet ;
Where camels and travellers often lie dying,
Gasping for water and scorching with heat.

He told me of places away in the East,
Where topaz, and ruby, and sapphire are found ;
Where you never are safe from the snake and the beast,
For the serpent, the tiger, and jackal abound.

He declared he had gazed on a very high mountain,
Spurting out volumes of sulphur and smoke,
That burns day and night like a fiery fountain,
Pouring forth ashes that blacken and choke:

I thought our own Thames was a very great stream,
With its water so fresh and its current so strong ;
But how tiny our largest of rivers must seem
To those he has sailed on, three thousand miles long !

He spoke, dear mamma, of so many strange places,
With people who neither have cities nor kings,
Who wear skins on their shoulders and paint on their
faces,
And live on the spoils which their hunting-field brings.

He told me of waters, whose wonderful falling
Sends clouds of white foam and a thundering sound,
With a voice that for ever is loud and appalling,
And roars like a lion for many leagues round.

Oh ! I long, dear mamma, to learn more of these stories
From books that are written to please and to teach ;
And I wish I could see half the curious glories
The sailor boy told me of down on the beach.

HOW GLAD I SHALL BE WHEN THE CUCKOO IS SINGING.

How glad I shall be when the Cuckoo is singing,
 When Spring-time is here and the sunshine is warm ;
 For 'tis pleasant to tread where the blue-bell is springing,
 And lily-cups grow in their fairy-like form.
 Then we shall see the loud-twittering swallow,
 Building his home 'neath the cottager's eaves,
 The brown-headed nightingale quickly will follow,
 And the orchard be grand with its blossoms and leaves.
 The branches so gay will be dancing away,
 Decked out in their dresses so white and so pink,
 And then we'll go straying,
 And playing
 And maying
 By valleys, and hills, and the rivulet's brink.

How glad I shall be when the bright little daisies
 Are peeping all over the meadows again,
 How merry 'twill sound when the skylark upraises
 His carolling voice o'er the flower-strewn plain ;
 Then the corn will be up, and the lambs will be leaping,
 The palm with its buds of rich gold will be bent,
 The hedges of hawthorn will burst from their sleeping,
 All fresh and delicious with beauty and scent.

'Twill be joyous to see the young wandering bee,
 When the lilacs are out, and laburnum boughs swell,
 And then we'll go straying,
 And playing
 And maying
 By upland and lowland, by dingle and dell.

How glad I shall be when the furze-bush and clover
 Stand up in their garments of yellow and red ;
 When the butterfly comes like a holiday rover,
 And grasshoppers cheerily jump as we tread.
 All the sweet wild flowers then will be shining,
 All the high trees will be covered with green ;
 We'll gather the rarest of blossoms for twining,
 And garland the brow of some bonnie May Queen.
 Like the branches so gay we'll go dancing away,
 With our cheeks in the sunlight, and steps on the sod,
 And then we'll go straying,
 And playing
 And maying,
 And praise all the loveliness sent by a God.

THE BLIND BOY'S BEEN AT PLAY, MOTHER.

The blind boy's been at play, mother,
And merry games we had ;
We led him on our way, mother,
And every step was glad.
But when we found a starry flower,
And praised its varied hue,
A tear came trembling down his cheek,
Just like a drop of dew.

We took him to the mill, mother,
Where falling waters made
A rainbow o'er the rill, mother,
As golden sun-rays played ;
But when we shouted at the scene,
And hailed the clear blue sky,
He stood quite still upon the bank,
And breathed a long, long sigh.

We asked him why he wept, mother,
Whene'er we found the spots
Where periwinkle crept, mother,
O'er wild Forget-me-nots :

“ Ah, me ! ” he said, while tears ran down,
 As fast as summer showers,
 “ It is because I cannot see
 The sunshine and the flowers.”

Oh, that poor sightless boy, mother,
 Has taught me I am blest,
 For I can look with joy, mother,
 On all I love the best ;
 And when I see the dancing stream,
 And daisies red and white,
 I'll kneel upon the meadow sod,
 And thank my God for sight.

THE DEATH OF MASTER TOMMY ROOK.

A pair of steady rooks
 Chose the safest of all nooks,
 In the hollow of a tree to build their home ;
 And while they kept within,
 They did not care a pin
 For any roving sportsman who might come.

Their family of five
 Were all happy and alive,
 And Mrs. Rook was careful as could be,

To never let them out,
Till she looked all round about,
And saw that they might wander far and free.

She had talked to every one
Of the dangers of a gun,
And fondly begged that none of them would stir
To take a distant flight,
At morning, noon, or night,
Before they prudently asked leave of her.

But one fine sunny day,
Toward the end of May,
Young Tommy Rook began to scorn her power ;
And said that he would fly
Into the field close by,
And walk among the daisies for an hour.

“ Stop, stop ! ” she cried, alarmed,
“ I see a man that’s armed,
And he will shoot you, sure as you are seen ;
Wait till he goes, and then,
Secure from guns and men,
We all will have a ramble on the green.”

But Master Tommy Rook,
With a very saucy look,
Perched on a twig, and plumed his jetty breast ;
Still talking all the while,
In a very pompous style,
Of doing just what he might like the best.

" I don't care one bit," said he,
 " For any gun you see,
 I am tired of the cautions you bestow ;
 I mean to have my way,
 Whatever you may say,
 And shall not ask when I may stay or go."

" But my son," the mother cried,
 " I only wish to guide
 Till you are wise, and fit to go alone ;
 I have seen much more of life,
 Of danger, woe, and strife,
 Than you, my child, can possibly have known.

" Just wait ten minutes here,
 Till that man disappear,
 I am sure he means to do some evil thing ;
 I fear you may be shot,
 If you leave this sheltered spot,
 So, pray, come back, and keep beside my wing."

But Master Tommy Rook
 Gave another saucy look,
 And chattered out, " Don't care! don't care! don't
 care!"
 And off he flew with glee,
 From his brothers in the tree,
 And lighted on the field so green and fair.

He hopped about, and found
 All pleasant things around ;
 He strutted through the daisies,—but, alas !

A loud shot—Bang ! was heard,
And the wounded, silly bird
Rolled over, faint and dying, on the grass.

“ There, there, I told you so,”
Cried his mother, in her woe,
“ I warned you, with a parent’s thoughtful truth ;
And you see that I was right,
When I tried to stop your flight,
And said you needed me to guide your youth.”

Poor Master Tommy Rook
Gave a melancholy look,
And cried, just as he drew his latest breath,
“ Forgive me, mother dear,
And let my brothers hear,
That disobedience caused my cruel death.”

Now when his lot was told,
The rooks, both young and old,
All said, he should have done as he was bid ;
That he well deserved his fate ;
And I, who now relate
His hapless story, really think he did.

THE VIOLET-BOY.

'Twas on a day in early spring,
Before the butterfly took wing,
Before the bee was seen about,
Or sleepy dormouse ventured out.

Grey clouds shut in the sky of blue,
The sunshine tried to struggle through,
The wind was angry in its gust,
Bearing a load of blinding dust,
April was growing somewhat old ;
But yet 'twas cold ; oh, very cold !

A tiny boy, with pallid face,
Stood in the city's thickest place ;
His limbs were lank as limbs could be,
His tattered garments sad to see ;
A basket on his arm he bore,
Which gave to sight a little store
Of violets in bunches spread,
Fresh gathered from their native bed.
Their perfume scarcely lived at all,
Their purple heads were very small,

Their leaves were pinched and shrivelled in,
Their stalks were turning dry and thin :
'Twas very, very cold spring weather,
And boy and flowers seemed starved together.

For many an hour his tired feet
Paced up and down the crowded street,
And many a time his moistened eye
Looked at the wealthy passers-by,
Without one fellow-creature staying
To list the sad words he was saying.
At last, a gentle lady stopped,
For she had seen a tear that dropped ;
She gazed upon his cheek so pale,
And heard him tell this simple tale.

“ Oh, lady, buy my violets, pray !
For I have walked a weary way ;
Long miles I trod before I found
The primrose bank and violet mound.
I'm hungry, penniless, and cold,
My flowers will fade before they're sold,
I've not touched food since yesterday ;
Oh, lady, buy my violets, pray ! ”

The child was telling mournful truth,
He had no friends to guard his youth,
And there he stood, with roofless head
And whitened lips that prayed for bread.

The gentle lady gave him pence,
And kindly bade him hasten hence
And purchase food.—The hungry boy
Looked up with gratitude and joy,
And fast and eagerly he went,
And honestly the mite was spent.

It chanced, the lady strolling back
Upon the very self-same track,
Espied him sitting low and lone
Upon a seat of humble stone,
Devouring with an earnest zeal
The simple loaf that formed his meal ;
And as he ate his relished fare,
'Twas plain he'd not a bit to spare.

A dog—a lean and famished brute,
Most sadly pitiful,—though mute,
Just at that moment dared to come
And watch for any falling crumb.
His ribs stood plainly through his hide,
And fearfully he crouched beside
The violet-boy, as though in dread
Of getting blows instead of bread.
The boy looked down upon the beast,
And for an instant stayed his feast ;
But soon he spoke in coaxing tones,
Patting the creature's staring bones.
Then lured him close, and gave him part
Of what had cheered his own young heart ;

He gave the poor dog many a bit,
 Without one thought of grudging it,
 Though he himself was hungry still,
 And had not eaten half his fill.
 And so—not knowing who had seen them—
 The bread of life was shared between them.

The lady, who had marked the deed,
 Now walked toward the child of need,
 And asked him why he gave away
 His bread, that might have served the day?

“An hour ago,” the boy replied,
 “You gave me money when I cried,
 And had compassion when I sought
 The food your kindly mercy brought.
 This poor dog came to ask of me,
 As I before had craved of thee ;
 I’d suffered long the bitter woe
 The cold and starving only know,
 And lady, say, what could I do ?
 For he was cold and starving too !”

The lady smiled, and rightly guessed
 There must be good in such a breast ;
 That ’mid all sorrow Want could bring,
 Still helped a dumb and friendless thing.
 She questioned him,—and all he told
 Did but the mournful truth unfold :
 His father in the churchyard lying,
 His mother in her straw bed dying.

His only brother gone to sea,
And none on earth who cared to be
Acquainted with a wretched tale,
That only breathed in doleful wail.

She sought him out—she had him taught
To live as honest people ought ;
To gladly work—to wisely read,
To spend and save with prudent heed ;
She found a good man to employ
The little pallid, starving boy,
And amply did his worth repay
Her charity, that cold Spring day.

That boy may now be often seen
In comely garments, neat and clean,
With rosy cheeks and bounding feet
Pacing that very city street ;
And sometimes, in his leisure hours,
He goes among the fields and flowers ;
And then an old dog trots along,
With ribs well covered, sleek and strong,
And licks his hand, and seems to know
It saved him starving, long ago.

Perchance that boy may sometime be
A merchant of a high degree ;
Perchance, he may not gather wealth,—
Content with Happiness and Health ;

But this is sure, that come what may
 Of Fame or Fortune in his way,
 His riches and his rank will spring
 Through mercy to a poor dumb thing !

PUSS AND DASH.

Sir Dash had long held sole possession
 Of parlour place by day and night,
 And seemed to think it great oppression
 For any to dispute his right.

He slept upon the sofa seat,
 He mounted on the stools and chairs ;
 He lived upon the daintiest meat,
 And gave himself conceited airs.
 In truth, he was a handsome fellow,
 With silky coat of white and yellow ;
 With ears that almost touched his toes,
 And jet-black eyes that matched his nose ;
 While admiration oft and loud
 Made Dash impertinent and proud.

At length his master's heart was smitten
 With love towards a tabby kitten,
 Whose tiger stripe along the back,
 With shining rings of grey and black

Made her a very pretty creature,
 Perfect in cat-like shape and feature ;
 And home she came in wicker basket,
 Snug as a jewel in a casket.

Sir Dash no sooner saw her form,
 Than he began to bark and storm ;
 And Puss no sooner saw Sir Dash,
 Than eyes and teeth began to flash.
 He raved with passion, snarled, and snapped,—
 She showed her talons, screamed, and slapped ;
 His back stood up with warlike bristle,
 Her tail was rough as any thistle.
 He kept on bouncing, fuming, tearing,
 She most profanely took to swearing ;
 In short, the parlour, once so quiet,
 Became a scene of vulgar riot.

The master thought a day or two
 Would soften down this fierce "to-do ;"
 He fancied when the breeze was past,
 They would be right good friends at last ;
 He hoped that they would live in peace,
 And all their feud and fury cease.

Alas ! they both behaved so badly,
 That those around could not endure it ;
 Bad temper reigned so very sadly,
 The master knew not how to cure it.

A dish of milk was on the floor,
 Puss wanted some, and so did Dash ;
 'Twas big enough for many more
 To lap out of without a splash ;
 But she was rude, and he was ruder,
 Neither would let the other taste it ;
 Each thought the other an intruder,
 And did the most to spill and waste it.
 If Dash one moment ventured nigh,
 Puss would that moment spit and fly ;
 If Puss the dish next minute sought,
 Dash the next minute raged and fought.
 At length, with sorrow be it spoken,
 Between them both the dish was broken.

The garden was in lovely order,
 Neatness in every walk and border ;
 And pinks and lilies flourished there,
 Tended with diligence and care.
 But scarce a single week had fled,
 When Mr. Dash and Puss were found
 Both fighting in the tulip-bed,
 Trampling and spoiling all around ;
 Uprooted flowers and damaged laurels
 Were scattered by their foolish quarrels,
 And meet on any spot they might,
 The scene was one continual fight.
 Their master, long as he was able,
 Bore the confusion round his table,
 And even gave his generous pardon
 For all the mischief in his garden,

Hoping their battles soon would end,
 And each to each become a friend ;
 But, no ! they still kept up the strife,
 And led a most ungracious life ;
 And so one very noisy day,
 Their master sent them both away.
 They soon discovered to their cost,
 What a good home they thus had lost.
 Dash was obliged to wear a chain,
 Which galled his neck, and gave him pain ;
 A dirty kennel was his bed,
 And often he was poorly fed ;
 And miserably discontented,
 Most fervently poor Dash repented.
 Puss lost her cushion fine and soft,
 And lived within a dreary loft,
 Where no sweet milk and meat were set,
 But mice were all that she could get ;
 And there she pined in melancholy,
 Regretting all her upstart folly.

Had they been somewhat more inclined
 To friendship—sociable and kind ;
 Had they put jealousy aside,
 And both laid down their selfish pride,
 Both had escaped such dire disgrace,
 And both had kept their favoured place.

Thus far too often do we see
 Brothers and sisters disagree ;